ROBERT EMMET.

I.—THE CAUSE OF HIS REBELLION.

II.—THE CAUSE OF ITS FAILURE.

III.—HIS ELOQUENCE, CONVERSATION, &c.

IV.—HIS CHARACTER.

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"He left a name,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

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A NOTE.

In the first volume of the "London and Dublin Magazine" appeared a series of papers under the title of "Robert Emmet and his Contemporaries." It was then, as usual, a time of trouble in Ireland, more aggravated than ordinary amongst the discontented; and while the system of government was reprehensible, the popular notion of removing it offended largely at once against policy and prudence. Agitation had become of a normal character; and as adverse parties indulged in their own preconceived views, even good men hesitated to believe in the efficiency of any immediate remedy. Under these circumstances one man indulged the hope that it was possible, by representing to all what adverse parties thought and said, to influence public opinion in favour of common sense and patriotic honesty. He believed that if precept was strengthened

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by example the end contemplated would be, to some extent, obtained. Under these impressions the publisher of the magazine admitted the papers embodying the story, the thoughts, and the conversations of Robert Emmet. The commercial spirit was not, of course, abandoned in the project, and perhaps a small sensation was anticipated. The expectation was, to a great extent, fulfilled, for the periodical was successful; and the Emmet Papers no sooner appeared, than they were published by the small printers in every possible form, and circulated most extensively; and when the last paper appeared the whole were very promptly published in a small volume. The work was republished in America, in various forms and sizes; and a Manchester publisher, a late and much esteemed magistrate of that city, embodied its contents in a memoir of Robert Emmet.

The popularity of the papers, so immediately acquired, excited, in Ireland at least, considerable curiosity as to their authorship. Many ascribed them to Thomas Furlong, the gifted author of "The Doom of Derenzy" and the translator of Carolan's Songs in "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy," while not a few believed that they were by the great orator, Richard Sheil. Curiosity did not yield to the usual effect of time, for Robert Emmet was a charmed name. Dr. Madden, in his "Lives of the Irish Insurgents," a work that has become, by ability, research, and honesty, at once national and classical, assigned the whole of

the third volume of the third series to the life of Robert Emmet. The doctor seems to have regarded some parts of the "Emmet Papers" as veritable and authentic, for he not only refers to them constantly, but largely quotes from them. Like others, he indulged in conjecture as to the authorship, for at page eight he says :—

"The peculiar character of Emmet's oratory is well described in a very remarkable article in the London and Dublin Magazine, entitled 'Robert Emmet and his Contemporaries.' That article, from the striking analogy in many passages of it to those on the same topic, namely, the capabilities of Ireland in a military point of view, I believe to have been written by the reputed author of Roche Fermoy's Commentaries on Theobald Wolfe Tone's Memoirs, the late Judge Johnston.

"'During these harangues,' says the writer of the article referred to, 'Emmet's fine manly countenance glowed with an enthusiastic ardour, and he delivered himself with as much animated fervour, as if he were addressing a numerous but distracted assembly, which he wished to persuade. His words flowed with a graceful fluency, and he combined his arguments with all the ease of a man accustomed to abstract discussions.'"

In a subsequent page he directly attributed the work to Judge Johnston. A few years ago the Countess d'Haussonville wrote a life of Robert Emmet, and in her charming little volume she also seems to have accepted the "Emmet Papers" as authentic. The countess' work has been translated into English by a gentleman at once capable and patriotic, Mr. John P. Leonard. Mr. Leonard, like Doctor Madden, was disposed to believe that Judge Johnston, a writer of great eminence on Irish questions, was entitled to the praise, or

censure, of having written the papers in the Magazine. He subsequently arrived at the conclusion that the writer must have been in Emmet's confidence, for the report of Emmet's speeches was evidently made by one who had been present, but who was ignorant of the art of stenography.

All the guesses about the authorship had, however, been unfounded. The right man was never named,—never thought of. But it will be a great mistake to suppose that the sole merit of the articles was due to the style and manner of their composition, for it was the subject that lent them a charm and secured their circulation. Of all the good men, bad men, and great men engaged in national conspiracies in Ireland, not one has acquired, by their patriotism or their deaths, the fame which, from the hour of his rebellion, surrounded and seemed to halo the name of Robert Emmet. His rebellion was an abortion—his preparations for it boyish; but his youth and obvious love for Ireland, and his ardent and daring love for Sarah Curran, had about them all the elements which in all ages have sufficed to constitute personal heroism. The story of his fate and the story of his love challenged, at first—pity, then sympathy, and, lastly—national regard. His young friend, Thomas Moore, in wedding immortal verse to national song, helped, after a pagan fashion, to deify the memory of Emmet. Moore did this when it was treason to love him; but the poet of all circles never dreamt that his admiration and his melodies would help, not only to

perpetuate his memory, but to convert adoration into a means of inciting to rebellion.

Fenianism set up Emmet's example for imitation; and at the recent trials for treason felony, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, in passing sentence on one of the prisoners now at Portland—but no doubt soon to be liberated—in his final remonstrance, took occasion to say that the bright young enthusiast, Robert Emmet, if now alive, would, under altered and happier circumstances, be, not a traitor, but one of her Majesty's most loyal subjects. The judge's opinion, however, seems to have failed in its object; for even within the last few weeks lectures have been delivered on the history of Emmet, and Societies of Christian Young Men, in marching through the streets of Dublin, were preceded by what they denominated an Emmet band.

The "Emmet Papers," for the purpose of forwarding the interests of a new periodical, were detached from a larger work then announced for publication; and although these papers were subsequently lost in the printing-office, memory has enabled me, as editor of the magazine, to render the original papers less abrupt by additions which helped greatly to make the present volume literally a new work. If the work do no good, it will certainly do no harm.

M. J. W.

Liverpool "Daily Post" Office, 1870.

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XXI.

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ERRATA.

Page 85, Line 14.—For "Australia," read Austria.

,, 90, ,, 13.— ,, "Highfield, ,, Elm Grove.

,, 166, ,, 11.— ,, "by-the.by," ,, by the way.

,, 204, ,. 7.— ,, "*amour*," ,, *amor*.

ROBERT EMMET.

CHAPTER I.

FROM LONDON TO DUBLIN.

I WAS engaged in what was called the "Emmet Rebellion" in 1803. I knew Robert Emmet well, yet my acquaintance with him began and terminated in two months. My experience, although brief, was eventful. Of Ireland previously I knew a great deal poetically. My mother was an Irishwoman, and it is admitted that mothers exercise, in early life at least, great influence over their sons. The influence of my mother proceeded from that which ornaments the female person and the female mind. She was affectionate—I will not say to a fault, because she was to my mind perfectly faultless. All the graces of mind and person belonged to her character. Loving and beloved, she filled her home with blessedness.

Her husband and her children alike adored her. I was the only son, but I was not a spoiled child. My father was an Englishman, a lawyer in extensive practice, and of course one much trusted by clients. He confided in my mother, and my mother responded to his confidence. I was educated at Merchant Taylors' School. It is no boast in me to say that my instruction was large and that I received it with advantage. In May, 1803, I was twenty-one years of age. Parental forethought destined me for my father's profession. I was proud of my father, and I was ambitious to serve him and emulate his virtues.

On his return home one evening to our villa on Hampstead Heath he sent for me to his study, and, addressing me in his usual kind manner, reminded me that my school days were over and that the world was now before me. He took for granted that I understood his intention in reference to my future career, and I was quite prepared for his telling me that he expected I would enter the office forthwith.

"My father," he said, "stood high in Westminster Hall, and I do not think that I have disqualified myself for sharing the esteem which attended upon his long life. You are my only son, and I will not trouble you with the obtrusion of advice, because my knowledge of you warrants me in concluding

that you will follow my example, and perhaps by-and-by more than fill with honour the place which may become vacant at my death."

I was about to make a sincere and heart-felt reply when he stopped me by adding—"We will say no more upon that subject. Your mother has been importuning me for some time that on your leaving school you should pay a visit to your relatives at Castlerath, in the County of Wicklow. Her request, to use a very hackneyed phrase, was to me always a command. I think it only right and proper—for blood is thicker than water—that you should see your uncle and other relatives. Take a month. Possibly you will tire of Ireland in less than a fortnight; but if you do not tire within a month, why then you may prolong your stay, if you can enjoy yourself, during the recess."

I thanked him with looks rather than in words, and was about to kiss his hand, when he said, "No, no," and, patting me on the shoulder, he continued—"You are a good lad; I love you, and am not ashamed to say so. I am under no apprehension that you will abuse your vacation, and I will add that your mother, if possible, loves you even better than I do."

My mother ambitioned only to excel in goodness, and never indulged in the pride of ancestry, although now and then she let fall hints that her

family were of a high class originally. She admitted that they, like many other great families in Ireland, had experienced the influence of bad times and of bad government; but she believed that better times had now fallen upon that unhappy country. Ever and anon in the long winter nights during the vacations she would tell me stories of Ireland and my ancestors, and sometimes sang for me some of the national songs. It is hardly necessary for me to add that throughout her whole life she loved her native land, and I do not love it the less for its having given me a mother who did honour to the country in which she was born.

On quitting my father's study I found my mother waiting for me, as she always did, with smiles. On my telling her what my father had said to me, she observed, "It is just like him. He is always kind; although he is a lawyer, the lawyer remains in the office when he leaves it. When he comes here he is all loving-kindness; so good that, much as I desired his society, I never expressed regret at the small quantity of it he bestowed upon me; I knew full well that he was busy, but that his wife and his children were never absent from his thoughts."

Youth, I have since learned, desires enjoyment and is impatient to enter upon it. I at once

prepared for my departure, and my mother, naturally enough, troubled herself with directions concerning my route. Dublin was then the only place in communication with England, and to Dublin of course I proposed directing my steps. When the moment for departure arrived a little conflict of feeling enacted a kind of storm in my heart. I wished to go, yet would willingly postpone the journey; but the kindness of father and mother softened down the regret, and, having made suitable inquiries as to the means of transit that then existed, I took an outside seat on one of the stage coaches, and, after four days of what I might call suffering, I arrived at Chester. I need not say that there were no steam packets then, and the packet boats, as they were called, sailed to and from Parkgate. The distance from the capital, so to speak, of North Wales, to the place of embarkation, was not very great, but it took a very long time to compass. In due time, however, I was on board, and after a difficult passage of two days and a half I arrived in Dublin. At a very capital inn in Dame Street I received that hearty welcome which is always accorded at an hotel, and I felt certain that a rest of two or three days would do me no harm The remainder of the day was diversified with strolls through the city—even then a beautiful one.

CHAPTER II.

CASTLERATH.

On the following Sunday morning I requested the waiter to direct me the road to Enniskerry. The distance was short; but as I obeyed the direction various objects distracted my attention, and at some way from the city I found myself in that perplexing position of a traveller not knowing exactly where he is. At a sudden turn of the road, I came upon a lady and gentleman who were leisurely walking before me. Unknown objects always irritate the fancy, and as irritation is never agreeable I sought comfort in conjecturing what they were. The first thought was—lovers, the second thought was—brother and sister, the third thought was prevented by the lady and gentleman turning round and coming

towards me. The lady was small and what might be called fragile. The gentleman was young, of middle height, and very far from being stout. As they approached the lady struck me as being handsome without being beautiful; when I came nearer I saw her face was pale and her looks were sad. The gentleman eyed me with a strange earnestness, and his earnestness did not diminish as I suddenly stopped and inquired whether I was on the right way to Enniskerry. His reply was, "You can go by this road to Enniskerry, but its direct object is Bray. Judging by your accent, you are a stranger. You might find the road to Enniskerry by this route, but perhaps your better course would be to keep on to Bray."

"At Quin's Hotel," said the lady very quickly, "the gentleman can find a car to take him to Enniskerry," and she added with a sweet smile, "the road presents a view of scenery admitted to be the finest in Ireland."

"That is," said her companion, "the finest in the world."

I bowed my thanks, and passed on.

There was no mistaking Quin's Hotel, for it was a large building and the only prominent one then in Bray. I walked up to the door, and, addressing the waiter who came napkin in hand, I asked if I could have a car to Castlerath. He shook his

head and said, "No sir, this being Sunday, they are all out. Some have gone to the Dargle, some to Dublin, and some on a drive along the Murrow of Wicklow."

While he was speaking an elderly gentleman—who, with a young lady, stood on the steps—turned his eyes upon me with a scrutinizing glance. "It is not far," said he, "to Enniskerry."

"So I am told," I said, "but I purpose going much further if I can get a vehicle. Perhaps you can tell me how far this is from Castlerath?"

He looked inquisitively at me, and said "I can." Then he added "You have never been at Castlerath?"

"Never."

"The owner of Castlerath," he continued, "is my friend Mr. Roach,—almost my neighbour,—and he is a very worthy gentleman."

"I am happy to hear you say so, for he is my uncle."

"I looked inquisitively at you, sir," he said, "because you reminded me of one much beloved in these parts. Lucy Roach, if I mistake not, is your mother?"

"My mother's name, sir, is Mrs. Herbert."

"Exactly; but in this country girls are called by their maiden names even after marriage. Your mother left this country and has not returned to it. It was a great shame to

the young men of these parts to permit an English lawyer to woo and win her. Your father is a worthy gentleman, and is known as a very able lawyer. When he came to this country officially to adjust some legal points between Earl Fitzwilliam and his tenantry he stopped at Castlerath,—and the rest followed. The young lady's father was a Catholic and her mother a Protestant."

"I am aware of that," I replied.

"At that time," continued the gentleman, "the respectable Catholic and Protestant families in Ireland intermarried among each other. But," he added with a sigh, "I am afraid that will not be so much longer. I am a Roman Catholic myself, but this young lady, my daughter, is a Protestant, and my wife (rest her soul!) also belonged to the Established Church.—When I was a boy the Protestants were more Irish than the Roman Catholics themselves—far more—but the late rebellion has altered things. Your mother being an only daughter, her play-fellows were naturally her Catholic brothers, and she, of course, never entertained the remotest dislike to their creed. In point of fact, sir, she herself was more than half Roman Catholic."

The young lady evinced great interest in this brief conversation, and here broke in with a suggestion very agreeable to me.

"Perhaps, father," she said, "this young gentleman will take a seat on our car as far as Enniskerry?"

I bowed my acknowledgments. The lady was young, very beautiful, and she spoke with a most delightful Dublin accent, enriched, as it were, by an incipient smile.

The old gentleman said, "Here comes the car. Now, sir, will you sit by my daughter? I will take the right hand side, as I am to be the driver."

The car was a very comfortable one, and the horse a good animal. As we progressed the young lady took evident delight in pointing out the beauty of the scenery that lay beyond the valley through which the river ran in front of us. Here and there were disclosed beautiful residences amidst rich and picturesque verdure and foliage. In a very short time my friend drew up opposite the small hotel at the entrance of Enniskerry. His daughter turned round to her father, saying:

"Had we not better, sir, drive on to Castlerath and leave this gentleman at his uncle's residence?"

"Very true, Fanny," was his reply. "But hold! here comes his cousin Malachy accompanied by another gentleman."

Malachy was immediately shaking hands with

the young lady, and I jumped off the car to remind him of my presence.

"I knew, Godfrey, you were coming," said my cousin, "but I did not expect you so soon. Fortunately I shall be your guide, perhaps philosopher, but certainly your friend to the Castle."

Turning to the gentleman standing near him, he said, "Mr. Ellis—Mr. Herbert."

"We have met before," said Mr. Ellis. "We met this morning, and I am glad to encounter you again so pleasantly with your cousin."

"I hope you found your way without trouble to Bray?" said Malachy to me.

"Quite so," said I, "and there I encountered the lady and gentleman to whom I am indebted for my conveyance here."

"It was a delightful drive, was it not?" inquired Mr. Ellis.

"Exceedingly so," I answered.

I saw that the young lady was making preparations to give my seat to my cousin. Her father turned round and, addressing me, said:

"You, sir, can sit by me."

"You are very kind," said Malachy, "but we will not take you out of your way. My cousin and myself will walk to the Castle, for I want to show him some of the beauties which lie between Enniskerry and our home."

The young lady looked a little disappointed. The car drove off. Malachy and Mr. Ellis then had a short conversation, after which the latter took his departure and we walked on.

"The gentleman from whom you have just parted," said I, "did me a kind service this morning."

"That is nothing wonderful," said Malachy, "for he is always doing kindnesses."

"I think you called him Mr. Ellis?" said I.

"I did," replied Malachy; "but as you are very likely to meet him again, I shall tell you in perfect confidence that his name is not Ellis, but Emmet. In 1797 he was a student in Trinity College, and suspicion fell upon him and his young friend Moore, now a promising poet. If he were not expelled he had to quit the University, and although only seventeen, his friends thought it necessary that he should leave Ireland. After an absence of nearly six years he has returned a better, if not a more prudent, man. His brother, you perhaps know, was arrested along with O'Connor on suspicion of treason, and escaped hanging, I may say, by personal influence which enabled him to go to America."

"Mr. Emmet, I hope," said I, "is no longer in danger here? Suspicion no doubt has been removed by time?"

"Not quite," replied Malachy; "but you will know more of him by-and-by. His name is a name of terror in this country."

As we proceeded the road became exceedingly beautiful. We turned into private grounds on our way, as Malachy said, to the Dargle. Everybody knows that the Dargle is a prominent waterfall in Ireland, and, though not stupendous, very few waterfalls in the world are more picturesquely situated. After examining the road we came to a turn which disclosed to us a gentleman's residence.

"You have heard," said Malachy, "of Mr. Grattan? He is a great Irishman and a very great man. He resides here."

"I have heard him spoken of," I observed, "with great enthusiasm, not only by Irishmen but by Englishmen. My mother says he has been the saviour of his country."

"Not quite," said Malachy. "He did a great deal, but much he has left undone. He enforced a great deal from the English Government, but could at the time have been more forcible. He struck the blow, but did not follow it up. His compatriot Flood reproached him in our House of Commons with having left his task unfinished, but his reply was, that those who desired perfect freedom could always obtain it

in the way in which free trade was obtained in '82—by national energy."

"Was not that very reasonable?" said I.

"Apparently so," continued Malachy, "but not in reality. When the wedge is got in it should always be driven home. Grattan got the wedge in, but he did not drive it home, and the result was that the advantages obtained were only nominal. The evils returned, and the Act of Union has been the consequence. His country gave him this house as a present, but he received it as a right, not as an obligation. He is now in the Imperial Parliament; but, as he himself observed, transplantation has somewhat impaired his grandeur. He now sees the great omission of which he was guilty in 1782. The Catholics were then, as now, the people of Ireland. He took no note of their political existence. He could have emancipated them, but he did not. He could have given them, even in 1798, had he co-operated with Protestant Ulster—equality; but he did not; and the result has been that the Catholics are now, if possible, more down-trodden than ever they were before."

"Yet," I observed, "Grattan was a great statesman."

"Not a great statesman," replied Malachy. "Ireland never had a great statesman."

"Never?" I said.

"No never," he replied, "for in all her troubles, in all her battles for party and for religion, contrary to the usual experience of nations, no proximate statesman appeared,—no great statesman showed himself; but that, is not surprising. Ever since the days of Sylla Europe has been denied the advantage of a single statesman. In the absence of one great man thousands of men ambitioned the honour which does not appertain to them, and, although Governments were ruled by leading men, not one of the leading men was a statesman. A statesman, we may say without blasphemy, is a gift from Heaven. Heaven has not yet thought fit to bestow that gift upon Ireland; but as God afflicts those whom he loves, Heaven must have loved Ireland dearly."

My cousin spoke as if the subject were quite familiar to him. The words, so to speak, hooked on with each other so as to give strength to the whole. He was very eloquent. He was quite at home on the subject with which Grattan was identified. But he changed it with great facility, and spoke feelingly of the scenery through which we were passing, dwelling for some minutes upon its beauty. He said, "The country is good, but the people are the most unhappy on earth."

"I have been told," I observed, "that every nation has the government it deserves."

"A mistake," said Malachy,—"although, per-

haps," he continued, "not a mistake; for the people of this country are of different creeds, and since the late rebellion they have learned to hate one another most cordially."

This subject was continued, varied with pauses to admire the many beauties which presented themselves. These were, indeed, many. We passed the hills on our left known as the "Sugar Loaves," and our journey on the road as travellers was apparently abbreviated by the enjoyment of each other's society.

CHAPTER III.

THE DINNER.

THE conversation was so interesting, and the scenery so delightful, that we delayed our walk very considerably by perpetually stopping to admire it. We were therefore rather late on arriving at the Castle, and dinner was waiting for us. The responses made by my uncle and my other cousin, Bryan, were cordial in the extreme. The old man almost shed tears of emotion on seeing the son of his sister; but he quickly brightened up, and we sat down to dinner. There were three unexpected guests—the priest of the parish, Captain Russell, and Mr. Lambert, whom my uncle always called the great traveller. There being no ladies present, the table may have lacked somewhat of those elegancies which ladies usually consider essential to the recommendation of the social board,

but that was atoned for by the substantial fare which graced it. The conversation even on sitting down became animated, for, as Malachy expressed it, the atmosphere of Ireland is odorous with politics. Ireland was the subject of opposite extremes—excessive eulogy and excessive lamentation. There was, however, sufficient diversity of opinion to make it agreeable, for there was a great earnestness in everybody. My uncle having addressed the clergyman as "Father Roach," Captain Russell inquired somewhat earnestly if he were any relation to the Father Roach celebrated as the hero of the battle of Ross.

"I do not say," replied the priest, "that I have regretted, although I am exceedingly sorry, that he was my first cousin."

"Sorry for it?" commented the traveller, "I did not think that there was anything in his manner, character, or conduct, to make a relative sorry."

"Why, yes, sir," said the priest. "He was a clergyman. He ought to have been a man of peace, and should have counselled loyalty; but in forgetfulness of his sacred duty he became a rebel."

"Did not the occasion," said Captain Russell, "justify his apparent departure from duty? A priest, I presume, at his ordination does not lay

aside his patriotism. His love of country I always understood kept pace with his love of God."

"True," observed Father Roach, "the love of country is not at all inconsistent with the love of peace. But we have nothing to do with temporal affairs,—our concern is only with spiritual matters."

"Stop a bit," said my uncle. "Father Roach, you have got an abstract idea, but you don't work it out correctly. A love of peace is not at all inconsistent with the love of politics."

"True," said the priest, "your politics being in accordance with peace."

"So they often are," replied my uncle," and so is rebellion, and so is revolution, and so is war; and therefore under these circumstances it would be absurd to say that a priest should not be a patriot. It is contrary to fact and reason to say that he is bound not to act as a man when circumstances counsel him to take upon himself the duty of a citizen. He is promoting peace, he is promoting the public good, and promoting the interest of religion when he resists oppression of every kind—and poliitcal oppression is decidedly irreligious. In my opinion, Father Roach, it is the very worst of heresies."

"Counsel," observed Father Roach, "is one thing, taking it is another. If the priest's advice

is asked he is bound to give it; but he is not bound to do more than point out to others their duty, beyond which he departs from his duty when he lays down the cross and takes up the sword."

"There is a great deal of sentiment in the matter," observed the traveller. "It is difficult to divine where duty begins and where it ends. Perhaps the layman is just as much under the influence of spiritual feeling as a clergyman when he takes up the sword and lays down the cross."

"I quite agree with you," said my uncle. "We are all under the obligation of religion, and religion in my opinion is in perfect accordance with honour."

"There is much truth in that," said Father Roach; "but the priest abandons the world when he enters, properly speaking, the Church; and the great authority which we all obey willingly, devotedly, and reverentially, is the Council of Trent. By that Council we are warned to teach, not to argue; to avoid controversy, and leave the affairs of the world to men of the world—particularly when the men of the world neither ask our advice nor take it when it is given. We do not condemn even rebellion when it is justifiable, because we are bound to believe that a man is justified in doing what his conscience urges

him to do. Man is no prophet. He has no oracle to consult, and his conscience is very properly his guide. With theology, properly speaking, we, the humble ministers of God, are not to concern ourselves. The Church is our guide and counsellor. What it commands we are bound to obey, and the Church has warned us that all authority is from God."

"Not always," said Malachy, "for the Church itself is prepared with means to relieve subjects from despotic rulers. Subjects are authorised to obey them until the Church annuls their power, and the Church does it by excommunication. Thus, priests and laymen are relieved from loyalty, and under pressing circumstances may anticipate the law of disobedience."

"If ever there was a time," said Captain Russell, "for priests and laymen to act together against tyranny, that time was during the late rebellion. You recollect the rebellion song which commemorated the sermon that the priest of Oulard preached after mass on Whit Sunday :—

'Come, my brave boys, it is time to begin ;
For the soldiers have murdered child, kith, and kin.'

And so they did begin, too, and they behaved very bravely."

"At first," interrupted the traveller. "The priest of Oulard counselled, but did not act.

Father Roach counselled and acted. I am proud to say that he was my friend, and that I fought under him as my chief; and although the rebel organisation was anything but perfect, I assumed the office of aide-de-camp and served under the reverend hero at New Ross. Permit me to say, Father Roach, that he was a hero, for he was one that felt for the people's wrongs and undertook to redress them in the only way available. Nature had given him a very ample mind, and Nature had fitted him for military service, for he was one of those few men who have been born generals. Father Roach had in him all the primary elements of a general."

"Generals," said Captain Russell, "appear when they are wanted."

"That is not so," observed the traveller. "Generals have been wanted hundreds of times, but a general, properly so-called, did not appear. The present Buonaparte is in all probability a general; but if he be, he is the first that has appeared in the world since Cæsar was assassinated at the foot of Pompey's pillar."

"Oh," said Captain Russell, "there have been several others."

"No, not several," replied the traveller. "It would perhaps be difficult to name one, except Sobieski. He indeed was a general, for he saved

Europe from being Mahometanised, and yet Europe, as it has often done, failed to appreciate the man to whom posterity assigns the world's gratitude."

"I think," said Captain Russell, "the history of wars, rightly read, will increase your catalogue. Marlborough was a general. So was Prince Eugene. So was the celebrated Hungarian who kept the Turks so long at bay; and so was Sarsfield, who compelled William III. to grant conditions to the Irish Catholics."

"Military men," replied the traveller, "are distinct from generals. Marlborough and Prince Eugene were mere combatants,—not altogether wanting in strategy, but deficient even in the soldierly qualities of Lord Peterborough. Sarsfield was no general. He was a brave soldier and a true patriot, but he was not a Cæsar or a Buonaparte. When he entered the French service he was, it might be stated, at the head of the Irish brigade which chastised Lord Marlborough and compelled him to acknowledge on the battle-field that the Government in excluding the Irish from the army had committed a great blunder; yet he did so little that his biographer is unable to tell us what he did. The Irish had no general in either camp,—for in Ireland there were always two camps."

"You forget Brian Boroimhe," said my uncle, smiling.

"Brian Boroimhe," continued the traveller, "was as brave if you like as a lion, but as ignorant of military tactics as a recruit who leaves the plough handle for the barracks. Now, Father Roach had in him all the elements of a general."

"He had indeed," interrupted my uncle.

"Decidedly so," added Malachy.

"Yet," said Father Roach, "he accomplished nothing but his own destruction."

"That was not his fault," replied the traveller. "He had done his duty, but the people failed in theirs. Had he been obeyed as he ought to have been—had the peasantry acted as they had sworn they would act, the affair at Ross would have had a very different result."

"What was it they did?" asked Father Roach. "They sought their own safety. They knew that they had no chance against the military, and they fled."

"They did not fly sir," replied the traveller, "until resistance was hopeless. Their comrades were absent under various pretences on the high ground outside the town, while only a few hundred drove General Moore and his regiment out of it."

"Ah!" said Captain Russell, with a sigh, "he fled over the bridge and the bridge was not destroyed. Had it been destroyed the rebellion would have been general."

"It could not be destroyed very well, sir," observed the traveller. "On crossing the bridge they planted their guns on the Kilkenny side, sweeping all the avenues leading to the bridge on the Wexford side. And, you must allow me to add, we had only three pieces of ordnance, taken out of commercial vessels in Wexford, while they had two or three well-pointed guns. We could not dislodge them because the river was not fordable and because it required time to procure tar barrels in sufficient numbers—if they could be procured—to set the bridge on fire. Besides, our men were inadequate to the occasion, for they lacked discipline and were a disordered mob. Our fellows ran to get drink; obedience was destroyed, and General Moore, feeling himself master of the occasion, recrossed the bridge, and Father Roach, myself, and the horseman who accompanied us, left the town. Our horsemen were for galloping away, but Father Roach said "No; halt, turn round and show front." We did so, and the military paused. We again turned, and the military again paused. Our pikemen were so disordered that they retreated to Fooke's Mill; but Father Roach kept the horsemen in their places by galloping in front of them, and told them to stand still and cover the retreat of the men on foot. This arrangement indicated the military capacity of our clerical commander.

The success was perfect. The military paused at the foot of the bridge and brought their guns to bear upon the hill, but did not advance for half-an-hour, and after half-an-hour the retreating peasantry were safe. Then Father Roach gave orders for the mounted men to gallop after them. He said to me, 'You have a good horse, and I have another. Let us overtake those men who have gone in the direction of Fooke's Mill.' I instantly obeyed, and on our arrival at the mill we found the crowds of peasantry who had come to New Ross running along the road. Father Roach galloped after them and desired them to halt, but all to no purpose. He mounted on one of the carts and commenced haranguing the people for the purpose of telling them to stand still, for they would be quite able to redeem their losses. They heeded him not, but passed on over the hedges and ditches in both directions like wild sheep. His emotion and the expression on his face I will never forget as he took the rifle dropped by one of the fugitives, and, seizing it by the barrel, broke it on the side of the cart; after which he exclaimed 'Mr. Lambert, take care of yourself, we are lost.'"

"The result," said the priest quietly, "proved the folly of his conduct."

"All men are wise," said Malachy, "after the event."

"What became of the priest," said Father Roach, "I know not."

"I escaped to Kilmore," said the traveller, "and in Kilmore I found means of escape to France, and an absence of five years gives me some experience, not to be vain, which entitles me to know something about the ordinary affairs of war and rebellion."

"Ah," said Captain Russell, "your experience was in a rebel camp, mine was in the battle-field."

"So was mine," said the traveller, "as well as in the rebel camp."

"Then, sir," replied Captain Russell, "you will be exceedingly useful in this country in another rising."

"If," said the traveller, quietly, "I had the power, it would be to prevent it."

"Your story," said my uncle, "must have been an eventful one."

"Not very, Mr. Roach," replied the traveller; "but I would be happy on another occasion to narrate it to you."

"And I," said Captain Russell, "should be delighted to hear it."

"Your presence," said the traveller, courteously, "would be an additional gratification."

The cloth was now removed, and the conversation, somewhat desultory, related to the rebellion

of '98. One blamed very freely the Government, and another with equal freedom censured the people. Malachy found fault with the priests; but Captain Russell was perfectly convinced that the priests were not to blame at all, but that the Protestants of Ulster, the fomenters of the rebellion, were greatly to blame

"How so?" was the general inquiry.

"The Protestants of the North," continued Captain Russell, "were the United Irishmen, and the Catholics of the South were not united Irishmen. They were distrusted by those who promoted the movement; and distrust always produces mistrust. The South would not have risen at all had not the old English spirit of the Anglo-Saxon in Wexford precipitated affairs, although there was not among them a solitary United Irishman. The Government knew what was taking place in Ulster, and they endeavoured to turn to account what had taken place in Leinster. The mistake of the Protestants was fatal. Had they confided in the Roman Catholics the result might have been different—*might* have been different, I say; but the chances were really ten to one that a universal movement would have exacted conditions from England favourable to Ireland. The distrust manifested by the Ulster men had the worst possible effect when it was known in France."

"Ireland," said the traveller, "was very little known in France. Many did not know that it was an island, and some thought that it was a portion of the territory of England. Those, therefore, who went over to obtain help from the Directory found great difficulty, for the impression had been conveyed to those to whom they applied that the Irish priests—hating the Protestants—would nevertheless join them in the event of an invasion by the French. This may have been absurd, but it was natural; and Wolfe Tone found that the greatest difficulty he had was in overcoming the conviction which had got into the mind of General Hoche that the priests, who are all powerful with the peasantry, would hate what they considered the irreligion of the French, and would co-operate with the Protestants and give no assistance to the invaders."

"You are quite right," said Captain Russell. "Preceding circumstances excused the distrust of the Protestants, while they were led to believe that they were able of themselves to effect a revolution, and that the Catholics would join them when they proclaimed equality between Protestants and Catholics. The Protestants were mere colonists and nothing more. They were not the people and they were not of the people; but as Protestants they possessed that

feeling of independence which the higher class of Protestants have never failed to manifest. They were patronised; they were favoured by the State, yet their sympathies were not quite destroyed by their position. They saw the disadvantage of the oppressed, and they were early persuaded that oppression was disadvantageous to them; many of them no doubt desired a revolution in which they could play a part and benefit largely by the playing of the part successfully. The fewness of their number, however, it has been since observed, made them unable to make war against the resources and power of England. Others incidentally obtruded themselves into the councils of the United Irishmen, and, what might be expected, some intentionally led the Government into secrets which were supposed to be unobtainable—and when the French expedition under Hoche arrived the cause was lost. The Government was in a position to do, and it did do, what the Irish Government had always previously done, manifest cruelties and brutalities equally if not more severe than what Governments in every place have never failed to show after abortive rebellions. English commanders, however, were not under the bad influence of hereditary hatred which prevailed amongst the upper class, and therefore the people found friends in those

whose business was to punish them. Punishment, however, was somewhat indiscriminate; but ultimately kindness and policy prevailed, and loyalty finally found occasion to recommend itself by handing over to destruction obnoxious persons —obnoxious to themselves, and obnoxious undoubtedly to the law."

CHAPTER IV.

THE POSITION OF PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS.

A FARCE in our theatre usually succeeds a tragedy, and at the end of this interesting conversation a pack of cards was introduced, which appeared to be something like a burlesque. The bottles were not removed, the glasses were replenished, and Father Roach, my uncle, Captain Russell, and Bryan entered upon what they called "forty-fives," which I have since learned was the national game of cards. The traveller invited me to a stroll amongst the ruins, in which Malachy joined us, and as we rambled about I was so much interested in the subject of the after-dinner conversation, that I inquired of the traveller—of whose ability I had formed a very high opinion—what was the prospect at present, when the Catholics were so supine and the Protestants so adverse.

"At present," he replied, "not a very promising one. But there is a future in which success for Irishmen is quite certain. The Protestants have discovered that alone they are impotent for effecting any change, and that the reliance must henceforth be as before—on the people."

"'Hope deferred,'" I said, "'maketh the heart sick,' and a long time must elapse before the wrongs of the people are redressed."

"Not so," replied the traveller. "Great results will be effected by two causes—first, by the paucity of the Protestant population, and next by the increasing power of the Catholics. The Union carries Irish questions into the heart of England, and instead of complaints being ventilated in the Dublin House of Commons they will be urged perpetually and pertinaciously in St. Stephens, and through St. Stephens published throughout all England. The representatives, it is true, are not many; but they are numerous enough to ensure recognition from any English Minister, particularly when that Minister happens to be endangered by an assault from the Opposition. A few of our Parliamentary men have been transferred to the British House of Commons. Grattan is there, and he is a power. His fame is now recognised in that assembly; and although he is reported to have said, 'I am like the oak, too old to be trans-

planted,' he is still in the strength of large growth. He will be assisted by some of those men who made themselves remarkable in the Irish Parliament, and the number of those, you may rely upon it, will annually increase."

"The increase," said Malachy, "will be in the wrong direction. A member of Parliament must still be a Protestant. The Roman Catholic is excluded—and the Roman Catholic nobleman is excluded from the Upper House. The Papists, as they call them, can be heard only on petition, and petitions go into the waste paper basket when they are not manifestations of a great party."

"Very true," was the reply of the traveller.

"And very wrong," said Malachy.

"Decidedly so; but then the wrong cannot continue very long," remarked the traveller.

"Why so?" inquired Malachy.

"Because," replied the traveller, "the Irish Roman Catholic is enfranchised, and under these circumstances he will have a vote. The man who has a vote is a power in the State. But the Irish M.P.'s are limited to one hundred, and there are three or four hundred Protestants very likely ambitious to sit in Parliament. The ambition of a seat naturally enough suggests the means of acquiring it, and one of the means undoubtedly is to gain the good opinion of the electors. The British

Parliament is a great power, not because of the wisdom possessed by its members, but because there are two parties in the country too large for union. The two parties are Whigs and Tories, and it is owing to the battles fought between these that we will be able to reap advantages from those measures now passed by the British Parliament. In Ireland, too, something will assuredly take place. Some of the Protestant aristocracy may side with the Roman Catholics or the Liberal Protestants, because the illiberal Protestants—that is, the Tory Protestants—have got possession of what is called the market. They must be overbid. The Whigs have done this ever and anon; the Tories have done it in the same way ever and anon, and it is these contentions between them that give the people a chance. Now there is a battle between the aristocracy of this country. The Tories are certain of success and patronage. The Liberal aristocracy are not satisfied with their position, and they cannot alter it except by obtaining votes from the electors. The Catholics are at present down-trodden. There is, we are told, too much of the Celtic element in them, for the Celtic element has always been adverse to union or combination. They are, however, increasing annually in numbers, and by-and-by they may increase still faster. That

the British Parliament will extend their privileges to them is quite certain,—it may be done for party purposes; and when this is done Protestant power will gradually pass over to the Roman Catholics."

"Ah," said Malachy, "your theory is a very feasible one; but, you know, 'while the grass grows the steed dies.' It is too long to wait."

"You have no purpose but to wait," continued the traveller, "for in emergency there is great wisdom in people biding their time. You have a representative system, and I would impress upon you, Malachy, this fact,—that there is no despotism where a representative system exists. Where it does not exist despotism predominates. Despotism exists in all Oriental countries, because there is no representation—no combination of power;—there it never has been and probably never will be. In the Northern countries representation is as old as the hills. The Teutons carried it with them wherever they went. The Gauls carried it with them into Italy, and the Romans adopted it, but very imperfectly. It was necessarily imperfect where slavery predominated; but its necessity was urgent, therefore a representative system of a peculiar kind was adopted. It gave votes to the masses and not to individuals, and the result was that Rome went to pieces as the steam engine we are told goes to pieces when overcharged with steam.

Rome perished, and the world suffered severely from its destruction."

"Christianity," interrupted Malachy, "grew out of it."

"That may be true," replied the traveller, "but many doubt it, and so do I. Christianity would have prospered much better under freedom than it did under despotism. It had in it the Divine element of success, and the Divine element being exercised nothing could retard its influence but the absence of political life in the people."

I found myself perfectly agreeing with the traveller, for there was great reason in what he said. The logic I had learned at Merchant Taylors' School I thought enabled me to appreciate it, and I went entirely with him. But Malachy was not satisfied. He urged that, the Roman Catholics being the more numerous, they should take their case into their own hands and not wait for the progress of events which might be greatly retarded or ultimately set aside.

"Do not be apprehensive, my friend," said the traveller to Malachy. "Time is nothing more than the succession of events. There is always something stirring. The clock well regulated strikes the hour unceasingly. The dinner pot boils when there is meat to put in it; men and women who get married promote population,

and where there is population in Europe there is also political virtue. That is a fact, Malachy, I would willingly impress upon you—and I hope you will not be offended at me wishing to impress it upon you, for you are as old as I am and ought to be much more learned, and no doubt you are; but one person is capable of recognising facts and other persons only think they do; and I have, I flatter myself, a kind of charm for statistics. Rest assured that the Protestant power in Ireland has been destroyed by what your party so much abhor—the Act of Union. The English Government is constrained by English opinion and by English conceptions; and as Ireland is a very disagreeable subject now, it is not impossible, but quite certain, that the Protestants will become troublesome and be ultimately left to their fate. It is the law of society, and it is taking place in every country in the world. You can recall the instances more quickly than I can, for it is a fact and is patent to the observer and the reader of history."

Mr. Lambert here suddenly paused, and addressing us again he said "I wonder what has become of our friends the gamblers."

"It is not gambling," said Malachy, "it is only an Irish game."

We then returned home, and found that the first

game had been won by the priest, who chuckled at the result, and after putting the *taster* into his pocket he was asked by my uncle if he would have a glass of punch. The good priest willingly assented to what is called *Doch-an-dorris*—which translated signifies the "stirrup cup." Bryan followed the priest's example. My uncle was foremost in the business, and his dutiful son, Malachy, followed his example. The traveller made no objection, but I refrained from taking the whisky, as I still abhorred it, and had instead a glass of very rich port.

"It is good port," said my uncle, "and it never paid duty."

"It is not the worse for that," remarked the priest.

"Whether the worse for that or the better for it, the flavour," said I, "is excellent."

"By-the-by," said my uncle to the priest, "you handle the cards with the same facility as you handled your whip the other day at Rathdrum during the *patthern*, and you did not dally with it either."

"Well," said the priest, chuckling, "the boys had got too much *potheen*. They were full of what is called exuberance, and they were carrying on the game a little too seriously when I galloped in amongst them."

"Yes, indeed," said my uncle, "you soon put an end to the fighting. What a tap you gave that big fellow White."

"You observed that, then," said the priest. "Well, he went down beautifully, as big as he was; but I did not hurt him."

"No more than," said my uncle, "you hurt big Tim Murphy at the last station you held here when you tapped him on the head."

"It was only with my cane," remarked the priest. "I was hearing confessions at the time in the beadroom, and Tim Murphy shoved all the people outside who wanted to go, and so I turned my cane upon him and did astonish him."

"Well, you did astonish him indeed," said my uncle, "for I thought I saw some blood flow from his temple."

"Oh no, no," replied the priest, "not so bad as that."

"Ah, but," remarked my uncle, "the blood of General Roach is in you."

The next morning I was up by times. My uncle was not an early riser, neither was Bryan; but Malachy was in the garden and I soon joined him."

"Cousin," I said, "I want to go to Dublin to-day to bring my valise and some things that my mother has sent to her brother, my uncle."

While we were speakingCaptain Russell joined us, and, addressing Malachy, said, "I must be in Dublin to-day."

"Luckily," replied Malachy, "my cousin Herbert is going to Dublin too, and the jaunting car will carry you both, and if you have no objection I will accompany you."

We then went to breakfast, which was a very substantial one, as is usually the case in farm houses of the better class. To my astonishment "laughing potatoes," as they were called, were placed before us. The tea was served out at the same table, but the preference for the potatoes was warranted by the fact that there was any quantity of ham and eggs on the plates before us. The masticating business of the morning accomplished, we mounted the car and drove off.

On our arrival in Dublin, Captain Russell bade us farewell, saying that he wished to proceed immediately on very important business to Belfast. Malachy at once proceeded to show me the lions of the Irish metropolis, and was very graphic in describing to me the baronial and lordly residences of the men whose presence had up to the period of the Union dignified the city. The several squares which are now occupied by wealthy but less distinguished inhabitants were then naturally in embryo. The Four Courts were almost silent,

for the judges and barristers were preparing for circuits. The Castle yard was full of military, but the Castle itself was quite as unpicturesque and unattractive as Holyrood House in Edinburgh. The streets seemed very dull to me, who was acustomed to the bustle of the London streets, but there was a great deal of elegance about the shops, and a great deal of elegance about the ladies who thronged Dame Street, then the place where fashion was best gratified and loved to disport itself. Having seen all the local novelties, Malachy proposed that we should pay a visit to Mr. Emmet, but he suggested at the same time that I should take a stroll through Trinity College. After walking through the College for about half-an-hour Malachy joined me. We then proceeded to an obscure inn, in what appeared to me an obscure street. In a private room we found Mr. Emmet alone. A snack and a bottle of wine were upon the table, and after my walk through the College I confess I enjoyed both.

CHAPTER V.

EMMET DISCLOSES HIS POLITICAL PRINCIPLES.

EMMET ate and drank very sparingly. In the few words he said to Malachy I found that he was big with some great intent. He appeared to be on a footing of great intimacy with my cousin; and both seemed, from their conversation, ardent admirers of liberty. I could readily perceive that they were dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and anticipated a change of measures.

"The chain," said Emmet, in a mild but firm tone, "which binds us, is stretched to the utmost limit, and wants but another effort, either of the oppressor or the oppressed, to burst asunder, and give liberty to Ireland."

"Whether that be the case or not," replied Malachy, "it is to be hoped that our grievances are not destined to continue."

"They cannot possibly," said Emmet, "endure, under any circumstances, much longer; for, Nature revolts against tyranny and injustice; and the means taken to perpetuate these have always ended in their complete discomfiture. In this sense must we look for an explanation of the apparent paradox, that national misfortunes are ultimately productive of national benefits. Liberty," he continued, "is the child of oppression, and the birth of the offspring is the death of the parent; while tyranny, like the poetical desert bird, is consumed by flames ignited by itself, and its whole existence is spent in providing the means of self-destruction."

"A very happy image," I observed.

"Thank you," he said, "for the compliment," and continued—"We have a complete exemplification of this in the past history and present state of Ireland, where increase of numbers and increase of intelligence have been the direct result of that system which too long has ruled this kingdom."

"How so?" I enquired.

"The relentless oppression of the English Government," he replied, "forced the people into habits of temperance—necessity made them abstemious—and time reconciled them to their wholesome esculent, which providently came,

like the manna of the desert, to feed the sojourners in the land of their fathers. Where nature is easily satisfied, and the necessaries of life procured with little labour and care, increase of population will follow; because parents, who are contented with their own condition, will feel no uneasiness for their offspring who can, without any difficulty, procure a situation similar to their own."

"Emigration is necessary when population is redundant," said I.

"Emigration," he replied, "was not to be expected, for men whose modified wants were amply satisfied at home had no need to seek elsewhere for wealth they did not desire, or distinctions they did not value. Besides, Ireland has always had peculiar attractions in retaining her children; a Scotchman loves a Scotchman, but an Hibernian loves the green fields of his youth; and to enjoy these there are few privations to which he will not cheerfully submit. The eccentric humour, the boisterous mirth, the kind and social intercourse, that characterize the peasantry, likewise spread their charms, and generally succeed in subduing the aspiring notions of adventurers, and help to retain the people at home. When to these were added the allurements of a more tender kind, and when no restraint was placed on the natural

instinct of man, we must not wonder that Ireland is blessed with a population without a parallel in Europe."

Even Malachy smiled at this, but Emmet, glowing with his subject, continued, "The base and cowardly conduct of the Irish proprietors in deserting the country, though at the moment a grievance, was absolutely productive of good. Their large domains were parcelled out to humble cottagers; farms were divided and subdivided; cabins everywhere raised their unostentatious roofs; and every floor was blessed with a numerous progeny."

"This," I ventured to observe, "is entirely an agricultural country."

"Ireland," said Emmet, "has been forced into agriculture; and this still further tends to increase the population, and to give her that political importance she never could have acquired if the people had been immured in mineral dungeons, or confined to the fetid vapours of a manufacturing bastile. Curran says that agriculture is 'the mother and nurse of a military population. Ireland has been forced into this. It was thought that she had sunk under the arbitrary tyranny of British monopoly. Let the proud Briton regale himself in the unwholesome air of mines and workshops, and become ossified in the strengthening

attitudes of monotonous labour; while the degraded Irishman draws health and numbers, and fierceness and force, and becomes too nimble to be caught by his crippled owner, who hobbles after him, and threatens him with his crutch.' "

"Rural labour," Emmet continued, "is not more conducive to the health of the body than it is beneficial to the exercise of the mind; and we always find the agriculturist superior to the mechanic not only in physical strength, but in moral energy. The one is a natural soldier, who commands respect, and exacts consideration; while the other is a mere animated machine, whose ideas serve but as internal wheels to keep his hands in motion. His frame is distorted, his mind crippled, and his courage annihilated; but the agriculturist is a man such as nature intended—fearless, active, and resolute; the air he breathes ensures him health; the ground he tills supplies him with sustenance; and his occupations make him moral, hardy, and brave. This is the copy of a million portraits, and they are all found in Ireland."

"In poetry only," I ventured to hint.

"In reality, for even our artisans are agriculturists; every weaver, carpenter, and smith, through the country, has generally attached to his cottage a piece of ground, where he occasionally renovates his health in rural toil,

and acquires that vigour which places him on a parallel with his rustic neighbours."

"And this state of things," said I, "still further tends to increase your population, which, under present circumstances, must be only an amplification of misery."

"But misery," returned Emmet with a self-complaisant smile, "is only endured where it cannot be obviated. The patient Sampson, who, in his deprivation of strength, turned the mill for his oppressors, buried them in the ruins of their temple when his powers were restored; and though Ireland, in her weakness, endured the badges of slavery, that is no reason she is calmly to submit when enabled to cast them off. The aspirations of civilised man after freedom are coeval with his existence. His rights, like the mountain torrent, may be diverted from their original channel, but cannot be effectually impeded in their course. Dams may be raised to stop the coming stream; but, if the congregated waters cannot find another way to the place of their destination, they will burst through every opposition, and overwhelm in destruction all the works of lordly and presumptive man."

"But we find," said I, "that very populous countries have continued in slavery."

"Numbers," rejoined Emmet, "whose minds are

more enslaved than their bodies, may submit to injustice; but numbers inspired with intelligence never can. The Irish people are not only shrewd but informed; and for this good, as well as for every other blessing they possess, they are indebted to the folly and wickedness of their governors. *Divide et impera* has long been the maxim of those who oppressed us; but the result has been the reverse of their anticipations. The continual agitation, faction, and discord, consequent upon such a system of legislation, produced their moral effects, and, like the vivid lightning, served to purify the element they disturbed. The political whirlpool has drawn within its vortex every man in Ireland; discussion has been universally provoked; and the passions have been enlisted in the general conflict. The human intellect has been propelled; vulgar errors corrected; and the spirit of inquiry and investigation has gone abroad."

"To reason," said Malachy, "upon the political state of his country has long been the propensity of the Irish peasant; and, from continually thinking upon that subject, he has at length learned to think rightly. He not only knows his degraded condition, but is well acquainted with the cause. There is not a subject connected with the country on which he cannot give an accurate opinion; he knows as well as any man in the Castle the purpose

of every measure of Government, whether it be to enrich a spendthrift nobleman by a *job*, or coerce the unfortunate peasantry by an Insurrection Act."

Emmet, in confirmation of Malachy's opinions, observed, "I know my countrymen. I have conversed with them, and have found them practical philosophers. Their sentiments are the pure emanations of acute minds, instructed in the school of Nature, and taught by adversity. They are, in consequence, generally correct, and, without any great exertion of thought, are frequently profound. How often have I seen them smile at the abortive efforts of their friends, who endeavour to procure them redress in a constitutional way, while, at the same time, they have told me very pertinently, and very truly, that they expected no concession from Government until they were able to insist on it."

"Just so," said Malachy. "Party spirit, however hurtful, has in certain cases tended to bring the people to a correct knowledge of their rights; and, by keeping their country, and its grievances, continually before them, it has habituated them to the expectation of relief, and familiarized their minds with the only means of procuring it. The Government stands upon a mine; that mine is public opinion,—and it requires only some pure spirit to apply the match, and blow to atoms the

engines of corruption. The people have grown too cunning to be deceived, and too numerous to be despised. Temporary expedient— the resort of pusillanimity and weakness—will no longer avail. They know their rights, and wait for an opportunity to assert them; they are acquainted with their strength, and wish for the moment to exert it."

After a pause, Emmet, as if recognising my dissent, proceeded to say, "The cause of man must ultimately triumph; for Ireland has arrived at that period beyond which she must cease to derive advantage from the blessings I have enumerated. A further increase of population will augment the local disturbances, and the measures Government must have recourse to for suppressing them will spread disaffection and discontent. Thus misery must be progressive; and, we all know, the reservoir, however capacious, that receives a continual stream will at last overflow. Let Government pursue the usual system, and this event must be accelerated. Population, taxes, and poverty, will increase, until universal suffering produces among Irishmen a general disposition to rid themselves of the domination of England. Ireland can have no interest in supporting the 'powers that be;' for individuals are so poor that they can lose nothing from a change. The good

of the people and the wishes of their rulers are beginning to diverge from each other, and circumstances must widen the separation."

"That is," I interrupted, "unless Government conciliates."

"Conciliation," he repeated, "is the writing on the wall, which they cannot understand, and they have no Daniel to interpret it for them."

During this dialogue Emmet's fine manly countenance glowed with an enthusiastic ardour, and he delivered himself energetically although in a subdued tone, as if he apprehended being overheard.

The entrance of a stranger suspended our conversation, and after a few minutes' private conference between Emmet and my cousin the former took his leave, promising, however, to join us at Castlerath for dinner.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISCUSSION ON RELIGIOUS POLITICS.

MALACHY and I took a car and set out for my uncle's residence. The driver sat on the right hand side, and we occupied the left. This enabled us, while the car was proceeding slowly, to indulge in a conversation. I could not help admiring the delightful scenery on each side, but my pleasure was considerably damped by my companion's melancholy reflections. He admitted that the country was beautiful and the soil productive, but he asked, "What are all these when the people are in chains?"

"Surely," I replied, "Irishmen are not thus degraded without some adequate cause. There must be some political inferiority in a religion

which is thus proscribed in a nation professing to be free."

"None," he replied.

"Protestants, however," I rejoined, "think otherwise, and, I believe, with some show of justice; for has not the Reformation been everywhere the harbinger of freedom? From this it may be inferred that Catholicity is opposed to political rights, and that a love of liberty is an inherent principle in the Protestant creed."

"I did not expect," replied Malachy, "to find in one who apparently has the courage to think for himself the advocate of an opinion, merely because it is general, when history and fact demonstrate its falsity. It is the gasconade of an arrogant sect, who, without a shadow of authority, have assumed to themselves a political superiority."

"Your zeal, my friend," I replied, "for your own religion, I fear, leads you to depreciate the merits of mine. It was the opinion of a great man that Catholicism was best adapted for monarchy, and Protestantism for a republic."

"The authority of a great man," returned Malachy, "however extensive its influence, has no power to make wrong right, or give to falsehood the consistency of truth. That amiable lawyer mistook, in this instance, as well as in many

others, the effect for the cause; and has consequently paid a compliment where no compliment was due. Christianity—under which denomination we may include all those religions founded on revelation—the Protestant as well as others—is in its essence purely spiritual, and has for its object to prepare men for another world rather than to reform the institutions which make them miserable in this. As Christianity has not different doctrines for different men, we must ever expect to find the followers of Christ the obedient subjects of all governments, from absolute despotism to pure republicanism; for submission to existing authority is the characteristic of their faith. Thus we find that Christianity, however its professors may differ from each other, forms one of the ten thousand causes which prevent men from breaking down the barriers which tyranny and injustice have raised around them; and this influence is increased wherever it is directly or indirectly connected with temporal power. But, as Christians are men, human nature, however modified by institutions, can never be wholly eradicated. Man has rights, and his claim to these he has in all ages and in every country asserted."

"So far as your argument goes," said I, "it tends to confirm what you meant to disprove.

Passive obedience may be found in that church which attributes so many virtues to mortification ; as those who behold in every infliction only the chastising hand of Providence are adequately prepared to submit to tyranny. Such a people have sometimes called a famine caused by their rulers a visitation of Providence; but Protestantism, being freed from these errors, is incapable of such folly."

"We should take care," returned Malachy, "not to charge Christianity with the errors of a barbarous age; nor blame it for not inculcating what it never proposed to teach. Political economy made no part of the doctrine of Christ; nor did He require His followers, like the disciples of the Grecian sage, to be initiated in any science previous to their receiving His instructions. Men may be very pious, though very ignorant; and want of profane knowledge, where it was not wilful, I have never heard charged as a crime. An impartial examiner will discriminate, and not impute to the Catholic religion what it has always condemned — the errors of local superstition. Our Church boasts no supremacy of scientific knowledge; and it is not to be expected that the divines of the middle ages could be free from some of the universal errors which then overshadowed Europe.'

"But," said I, "though we may excuse a man for being in darkness at midnight, there is no reason why he should keep his eyes obstinately closed when the sun has risen. He that refuses admission to truth, when all around are informed, may be said to obstruct the designs of Providence; and, if he does not merit execration, he ought not, at least, to expect any imitators. Why have not Catholic countries been as forward in improvement as those where Protestantism is professed? Surely the superiority of the latter is not without some assignable cause."

"That superiority," replied Malachy, "which Protestants once claimed, exists no longer; and even its early possession was owing to circumstances, and not to their religion. At the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII. Catholicism was in every part of Europe the religion of the state, interwoven with the constitution of every kingdom, and favoured by every power. The Catholics displayed then the intolerant spirit of all privileged classes, and persecuted with an interested zeal, heightened by religious rancour, the new and innovating creed; while the Reformers, like the Israelites of old, multiplied under the lash of persecution. Persecution followed persecution, until those who were originally only Reformers became separatists,

who carried with them, into their new conventicles, that resentment they must have naturally felt against their implacable enemies; and, as these were Catholics and kings, Popery and Monarchy became the objects of their unappeased hatred. This love of independence was awakened in them as men, and not inculcated by their religion; for persecution, and not Protestantism, made men republicans."

"Partial instances," said I, "are not to be admitted as conclusive evidence. Let us look at the general tendency of Protestantism; and, taking it as we find it, does it not inculcate sentiments of a more liberal and exalted character than your ancient creed?"

"By no means," replied Malachy, "nothing less than the most uninformed prejudice could induce any man to exalt the Protestant at the expense of the Catholic mind. Men were brave, virtuous, and patriotic, ages before the Thirty-nine Articles received royal approbation. Venice and Genoa astonished Europe in Catholic times; and even Spain, with all its bigotry, displayed a love of country and a heroism seldom equalled, certainly never surpassed. Were Pope and Dryden worse poets because they were Catholics? or was Shakspeare a better one because he may have been a Protestant? The world, I

admit, has been more enlightened since the Reformation; but that is owing, in a great measure, to the collision of opposite and conflicting opinions, from which truth has arisen. But argument is unnecessary where facts are conclusive. If Protestant England obtained a Bill of Rights, Catholic England achieved Magna Charta: if Geneva is a Protestant free state, Switzerland was a republic nearly two hundred years before the Reformation. Spread the map of Europe before you, and, in whatever country there is a glimmering of freedom, you shall find as many of the inhabitants Catholics as Protestants."

"But is it fair," I asked, "to infer from the conduct of a priesthood paid by the state the principles of the religion?"

"If unjust," replied Malachy, "when applied to Protestantism, it certainly cannot be just when applied to Catholicism. If the Protestant be not judged by the conduct of his clergy, neither is the Catholic; if the one be liberal, in spite of the intolerance of his teacher, why not the other? The truth is, mankind have never thought that Christianity defined their civil conduct; and have latterly indicated a disposition to be free, when they think it more easy to throw off a burden than to endure it. Circumstances, and not their

religion, form their characters; and, what the Protestant once was, the Irish Catholic is now—a republican in his heart. Inquire the reason, and you will find it to have originated in precisely the same cause—oppression. But, behold the reverse! How has the mighty fallen! The high-minded Protestant has degenerated into an instrument of tyranny, and is now degraded into an obsequious tool of power, not less a slave than the Catholic he endeavours to fetter."

CHAPTER VII.

MALACHY'S GRIEVANCES.

OUR conversation continued until we reached the Castle. We strolled through the grounds, and as I was expressing to Malachy the happiness I really felt he replied ironically—

"Oh, you will be quite comfortable; the *Collough*,* a Knockfane beauty, arrayed in all her native charms, will be your *femme de chambre;* and you will have the prince of valets in *Bockcha*,† while the *Gomulagh*‡ will act as your Mercury, should any of our mountain nymphs attract your regard. My father, should you grow attached to the bottle, will bear you company at home, and my brother abroad. But, if a rational companion would be more agreeable than either of these, I beg you may command the services of your humble cousin."

* An ugly old woman. † A lame man. ‡ A kind of *rational* idiot.

I smiled at this description, though part of it was quite unintelligible to me; and, walking over to the window, I drew his attention to the prospect which it commanded, by remarking on its beauty.

"Yes, yes, cousin," he replied, "under other circumstances Castlerath would be a delightful residence; but its attractions have long ceased to please me. In fact, they only remind me that I am an alien in the land of my fathers, and that the natural advantages of my country are to be enjoyed only by strangers or renegades."

"Come, come," I returned, "your observations must be unjust. Talents such as you possess need only be exerted to be rewarded; and, if the first place in the country is not attainable, a more enviable station is—independence and respectability."

"My dear cousin," he replied, "you are a Protestant and an Englishman, and know not the privations which we Papists and Irishmen are obliged to endure. Accustomed to the administration of impartial justice, and familiar with the triumphs of merit, you imagine that talents are everywhere sure of reward, and that law imposes no obstacles to the progress of industry. But——"

"Englishmen," I interrupted, "are neither so foolish nor so happy as you imagine; for they,

like other men, have to encounter difficulties in their progress to fame and fortune; and probably the same perseverance here would meet with similar success."

"I spoke, of course," he replied, "in general terms, and, if understood in that sense, my observations were correct. The impediments of circumstances only stimulate industry, as the violence of the mountain stream is increased by the rocks that interrupt its progress; but where law, authority, and prejudice, interpose their influence to mar the designs of individuals, miscarriage is without blame, and defeat is to be expected. As an apposite illustration," he continued, "let me allude to myself. I do not mean to say that my talents are of the first order; neither will I affect to deny that they are respectable. My education has been liberal, and the total absence of fortune and patronage are circumstances sufficient to make me diligent. Yet what can I do? Nothing but move about these old ruins, hunt hares upon the mountains, and vegetate in these secluded wilds, discontented with my situation, a burden to others, and useless to myself."

"I thought," said I, "that you were preparing for the Bar."

"O yes," he replied, "like a hundred others, who propose doing something because they are in

want of employment. How can I hope to succeed where so many have failed? The Four Courts, indeed, are open, and the law at length permits a Catholic barrister to raise his voice for a client; but where he is prohibited from wearing a silk gown, or filling the meanest office in court, is there any wonder that his bag is briefless? Practice, prejudice, and precedent, are against him; and, from their perpetual operation, to contend with these would be to attempt the labour of Sisyphus —to do each day what you had done the day before and every evening murmur to find yourself still disappointed. No," he continued, "I have from the present state of things no hopes from the Bar. The sacred profession I have relinquished has in it more of certainty. He that could humble himself to beg from paupers might keep himself from starving, and perhaps grow rich on the donations of poverty; but neither my feelings nor my pride would allow me to stoop to such practices; and therefore I declined a vocation which, however, I reverence and respect."

"Confess the truth," said I, laying my hand on his shoulder as he walked over to the window where I was standing; "confess the truth, cousin Malachy, for I have heard it surmised in London that it was some bewitching earthly vision, some creature scarcely mortal, who first distracted your

piety. Say, sinner, was she not clothed in petticoats ?"

"I will admit," he replied with a smile, or at least an endeavour to smile, "that the ill-natured and censorious have attributed what they call my apostacy to some such cause ; and perhaps I cannot deny but they had some reason. With you I will be candid, and acknowledge that most of my unhappiness, and a sense of my political degradation, have, in a great measure, proceeded from a pure and sincere attachment to a girl of beauty and accomplishments. I might, it is true, unite my fate with hers ; augment the number of slaves ; and be myself a nucleus for collecting the reproaches of her friends, and the censure of the world. Sooner than make myself," he proceeded vehemently, "such an object of scorn and contempt, I would risk my life in any endeavour to redress the wrongs which cut me off from every honourable pursuit, and debar my progress to respectability and independence."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the announcement of the traveller's arrival, and I was not a little pleased by the arrival of another guest—my recent acquaintance, Emmet.

CHAPTER VIII.

EMMET ENCOUNTERS AN OPPONENT.

The dinner was a very pleasant one, and everybody enjoyed it—no one perhaps more than myself. On the removal of the cloth, however, the atmosphere became charged with intense Irish politics.

Emmet insisted that there were no hopes of redress unless by an appeal to arms—the last resource of the oppressed.

"The patriot and the philanthropist," insisted the traveller, "will hesitate to recommend the application of physical force to the removal of a political evil, because the benefit of success is problematical, while the misery of failure is certain. Abortive rebellion has ever uncovered the forge wherein tyrants have wrought chains for nations, and by which the spirits of men have

been most effectually subdued. Rebellions, prematurely commenced, have done more injury to the cause of truth and freedom than all the kings that ever existed. Leave revolutions to the progres of events, and to the march of public opinion. These will do their work with the certainty of fate; and, what is more, they will do it appropriately, and suit the light of freedom to the national vision; they will gradually accustom the slave to walk without his chains, and suit the measures of the government to the disposition of the people.

"It is," he proceeded, "a principle in society that it must resolve itself into its original elements, which consist in individual benefit and general happiness. This is the end of all society; and to this end it perpetually tends, under whatever form of government men may live. There is no form from which they cannot derive a portion of felicity, as bees extract their liquid sweet from the flowers of the most noxious plants. But the moment existing institutions prove inimical to general good, from that moment their downfall may be dated; for they then become a tyranny: and, as tyranny is not the offspring of Nature, it quickly meets the fate of all abortive things:—it is either overwhelmed in the general indignation, or it drops all its ferocity, and sinks into

insignificancey; as Sylla, from being the most atrocious of patricides, became the humblest of Romans. Tyranny can have no permanent existence, as it is always opposed to the designs of Providence and the interests of society."

"With some limitation," said Emmet, "I am inclined to subscribe to your opinion, that the politic body, like the corporal frame, possesses within itself a radical cure for many external diseases, as well as most internal ones; and that the application of supposed remedies, in many instances, serves only to obstruct or impede the progress of convalescence; or, at best, does only for Nature what Nature would have done for herself. But this is one of those rules which admit of exceptions, whether applied to society or individuals; for there are certain cases in which Nature requires assistance; and, though the instances are few, the necessity of application is not the less obvious. The mortified limb requires amputation, and the career of oppression should be arrested. Nature here solicits aid; and, if not obtained in time, death and tyranny triumph."

"And the triumph," returned the traveller, "is accelerated if the physician mistake the case."

"But," rejoined Emmet, "there are symptoms and appearances which indicate the disease be-

yond the possibility of doubt; and, if ever it was the duty of men to oppose injustice and oppression, that duty devolves now on the people of Ireland. Every circumstance imperiously calls upon them to assert and enforce their rights; and, as they cannot be withheld, it only requires an effort to snatch them from the feeble grasp of tyranny."

"Still," interrupted my uncle, "suppose we should admit the Irish Government to be a tyranny, we must not forget that it may be irritated to revenge any attempt at self-emancipation, should that attempt fail of success. We know such efforts have already proved abortive; and, if we cannot profit by experience, we must submit to the consequence of error. Your enthusiasm does honour to your heart; and, if there be a fault which admits of palliation, it is that amiable and generous one which springs from excessive partiality to freedom—that idol of mankind so often sought for, and so seldom found. But, like the adventurers in search of the land of eternal life, we may, in pursuit of the goddess, discover new regions to compensate for our toil, and reward us for our journey;—we may light upon rational freedom while we are seeking liberty. What no nation has yet realised it is not a degradation for us to want; and, since the British

constitution is acknowledged to be the most perfect system of government in Europe, let us be content to seek admission into that without plunging into the sea of anarchy, to dive after Utopian pearls."

"Even admitting," said Emmet, "that the English constitution be the best possible form, it does not follow that it is therefore more available to Irishmen. On the contrary, the very attributes for which it is lauded are those that must for ever exclude us from a participation in its blessings. The Irish Catholic, like the foolish peasant in Horace, may wait for ages on the verge of the constitution without seeing the flood of intolerance pass, for the fountain which supplies it is inexhaustible. What," he continued, "is the boasted English Government? Is it not a compound of Church and State? And if the preservation of the forms of the constitution, and of its principle, be the same, we must admit that whatever would separate these must occasion destruction to the whole. This is the opinion of all the political writers, from Hooker to Paley; and what has been so often enforced, and so frequently acted upon, is not likely to be disregarded when Catholics ask for emancipation. But, let me add, men, however obtuse their intellect, know pretty well when they possess an advantage; and the more deficient they

are in understanding, the more obstinate are they in denouncing all innovations that tend to impair or undermine their own privileges. The Church, as established by law, is nearly omnipotent in the Legislature; and it is not in the nature of things to expect that it will admit Catholics to a participation of power, when they know one claim only leads to another, and that the man who has once beheld Liberty will not desist until he possesses her. Emancipation cannot satisfy the Catholics; for, though it may put them in possession of most of their rights, it will not procure them justice, while the Protestant Church, like a mighty incubus, tortures the people, paralyses their energy, and blasts all hope of improvement. The abolition or commutation of tithes would follow emancipation as surely as the dawn of day is succeeded by the rising sun; and so well is the Church aware of this, that emancipation never will be granted. The self-interest of the Church is alone sufficient to exclude Catholics from power, even overlooking its intolerance, prejudice, and bigotry."

"The Church," said my uncle, "is no doubt very strong, but it is not omnipotent. Protestant laymen, as in 1798, to a great extent respect the Church, but they also respect their own self-interest. This self-interest renders them directly adverse to the ecclesiastical dominion."

"The Protestant laity," observed Emmet, "must, while men's interests influence their actions, oppose emancipation. There is scarcely a Protestant family in Ireland that does not benefit, directly or indirectly, by the system that oppresses the country. They hold, exclusively, places of trust and emolument. The Church is open to the son, the Corporation to the father, and the Castle to all. Protestantism in Ireland, like the fat pigeon in Paley, is fed by the toils, privations, and hardships of millions. Corruption is the bud it springs from, and whatever destroys that corruption destroys Protestantism in Ireland."

"Rather say," interrupted my uncle, "that it would destroy its luxuriance, but improve its fruit; that it would make it the religion of the heart, and not of the passions; and that it would direct men in the way to Heaven, and not to the Court. This is what it wants; this, however needful, is not to be effected in a moment, lest, in eradicating the weeds, we destroy the hopes of harvest. The progress of right thinking and proper feeling is rapid in Ireland. I remember when the opening of Parliament closed the doors of the Catholic chapels, and when a Papist could not vote for a member of the Legislature that was to tax him. But now how different the case is; and who shall be presumptuous enough to say,

'thus far liberality shall go, and no farther?' Protestant justice has done much in redressing Catholic wrongs,"

"Pardon me, sir," said Emmet, "but I cannot admit your position. That Catholic privileges have been increased I don't mean to dispute; but I am borne out by facts when I allege that they have been wrung from Protestant fears, and not conceded by legislative justice; that they were bestowed upon Catholics, not for their benefit, but to increase the power and wealth of Protestants, as the Roman bondsmen were patronised by their masters. What," he asked, "have Catholics gained these fifty years? The privilege to vote at elections; —but, recollect, they must vote for a Protestant candidate. The privilege to serve in the army, but only in the rank of subalterns, under Protestant officers. The privilege to hold and purchase lands, because Protestants wanted to let and sell them. When you add to these the privilege of going to mass, because Protestants dare not prevent them, you have enumerated the mighty blessings conferred upon Catholics."

"But have they not," asked my uncle, "been made eligible for certain situations of trust?"

"Yes," rejoined Emmet, "the Legislature gave them the key of certain offices, but the Protestants remained inside to bolt the door. It was an act

of solemn mockery; for, when men are excluded from privileges by practice, it is a poor compliment to make them eligible by law. But the little concessions from time to time made to Catholics served their purpose; they were the rattles intended to please the infancy of national discontent, but they could not please long; for, as the people grew out of leading-strings, they required something more substantial than the baubles which pleased their childhood."

"A wise nation," said the traveller, "will expect nothing from the justice or generosity of others, but will hope everything from their selfishness and pride. Ireland, it is true, has not received anything because it was a right, but because it was necessary; nor need the Catholics expect any further privilege while it can be safely withheld by the Government, without incurring national reproach or risking national tranquillity. Concession first sprang from one or both of these causes, and, like water, must run on while it continues to operate, till it comes to its own level—that is, until there is nothing more to concede. The progress of knowledge and events is neither to be resisted nor evaded, and must shortly place the Catholic on a perfect equality with his Protestant fellow-subject. Both will then find their interests to be the same, and every benefit to be mutual."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," rejoined Emmet: "but, like the base of the rainbow, however near it appears, it is, I fear, never to be arrived at. Legislators are but indifferent barometers for ascertaining the strength of public opinion—and ours least of all; for an act, before it becomes effective, has to run the gauntlet through every form of government, from democracy to despotism. The House of Commons might pass it, but it would be cushioned either by the aristocracy or the monarch; and on the subject of Catholic emancipation his Majesty's opinion is pretty generally known. Thus the hope of Catholic freedom has not only to encounter the intolerance and interest of one part of the Legislature, but the ignorance and prejudice of another. After this, whoever would preach patience would be well qualified for undertaking the cleansing of another Augean stable."

"Kings," said my uncle, "are mortal, and live only the natural age of other men. His Majesty, it is said, is opposed to unqualified emancipation, but it is hoped his successor will be of different principles; and we know the will of the King is omnipotent. His prerogative, like the caduceus of Mercury, can lay the bench of bishops asleep, or infuse into their souls all the attributes of Christian charity. It can hush the still small

voice of expectancy, and command the vote of every man in office. We may say of it, as a foreigner, enamoured of the British constitution, said of Parliaments—'It can do anything, but make a man a woman, and a woman a man.' What then may we not expect when George the Fourth shall fill the throne in all the omnipotence of regal power? He has only to say the word, and it will be done."

"Hope may flatter," returned Emmet, "till ruin approach; but it is the province of the patriot to correct the folly of expectation where there can be no rational probability of seeing it realized. We need not travel far for precedents of erroneous confidence placed in the promises of ministers and the goodness of our own cause. The people trusted once in the saving power of Government, quitted the ark of the constitution on the invitation of an impostor, and sank in the ocean of slavery; the waves of corruption swallowed up the rights and liberties of Irishmen; while the Union, buoyant on the indignant waters, floated from the shore, a testimony of our credulity and our degradation! We gather experience from the past, but of the future we can know nothing; and it is in vain to conjecture where all is necessarily uncertain. The present king may live these thirty years; and his successor, when he comes to

the throne, may be deficient in energy; for we needed not Johnson to tell us that age seldom fulfils the promises of youth. Two generations may thus pass away, and our grandchildren still live under an intolerant king, and have to do what we should have done for them—*emancipate Ireland.*"

"Where much is due," said the traveller, after a short pause, "much is to be expected; but a creditor is not to refuse any sum, however trifling, when it goes to diminish the debt. A small stream, when it flows constantly, will soon fill a large reservoir; and though the concessions to Ireland are, like angels' visits—far between, still they are concessions, and must in time satisfy all our just demands. This will happen in the natural course of events, and may be accelerated by some lucky circumstances; for a pious man will rather predict good than prognosticate evil as the reward of virtuous patience."

"But patience," returned Emmet, "ceases to be virtuous when it degenerates into criminal apathy; and he that suffers deserves neither pity nor praise, when by laudable exertion he might free himself from pain. I can readily fancy a Hercules at the distaff when surrounded by winning beauty; but Hercules with his club, patiently enduring the taunts and insults of tyrannical enemies, is so

monstrously absurd, that the imagination rejects it at once. Let not England imagine that we, her equals in intelligence and physical resources, will tamely submit to wrongs for fear of her enmity —that we will basely hug the chain she has thrown around us. No—Heaven forbid! Liberty is at least worth an effort, for life without freedom is a burden too heavy for enlightened man."

CHAPTER IX.

AN EVENING'S WALK.

AFTER this burst of enthusiasm Emmet stood up to leave, telling my uncle that he was bound to return to Dublin that evening. The whisky, the tumblers, and the hot water continued on the table; and although my taste forbade my concealing my repugnance to what was called potheen, I felt happy that all my friends indulged in a practice which was at once social and national. The conversation did not relax, but had reference not so much to political as to family matters, and these were to me revelations which I enjoyed very much. The Roaches, I was assured, had been contemporary with the O'Tooles, who, from the vicinity of the Seven Churches, had in former times levied black mail even upon Dublin. The

decadence of family honours was as if from habit much regretted; but there was an obvious satisfaction with things just as they were in the Castle. The daylight remained as if reluctantly outside the windows, and when darkness crept around the furniture Mr. Lambert proposed to go home. Malachy and I undertook to accompany him a part of the way, and after the usual *doch-an-dorris* we crossed, as Malachy ironically said, "the ancient ramparts of the Castle." The moon—a very full one—had just modestly made its appearance from behind the neighbouring hill; and as we left the lawn Malachy turned round and observed, "How grand ancient ruins appear when visited by loving moonlight?"

Having some recollection of school-day poetry, I remarked that the moonbeams on the Castle looked like young beauty caressing old age.

"Very fine," said Mr. Lambert, "but buxom youth would be more acceptable than unhealthy appearances."

"Buxom beauty," said Malachy, "would prefer the fascinating and the youthful, like my dear cousin here. Ruins are at once deemed stones of the past, and reminders that social and political changes are not always improvements."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Lambert, "put poetry aside

for a moment, Malachy, and view by the moonlight Castle Rath as a memorial of national degradation."

"National degradation," interrupted Malachy, "how can that be? It indicates that there were once powerful families, and that the great families protected the weaker people."

"I do not deny the existence of aristocratic families in all ages," observed Mr. Lambert, "but these castles are happily the mementos of them, and they show fortunately the bygone barbarism."

"Barbarism?" exclaimed Malachy.

"Decidedly," said Mr. Lambert. "There must have been barbarism where society needed the protection of castles, and castles were evidences of feudalism proclaiming the existence of two sets of peoples—tyrants and the enslaved."

"But," said Malachy, "we had no slavery in Ireland."

"Pardon me," observed Mr. Lambert, "we have had far too much of it. You have forgotten your historical reading. When the English invaded our country our pious clergy proclaimed that God had sent the infliction in order to punish us for having been constantly purchasers and importers of English slaves. Besides," continued Mr. Lambert, "serfdom is just the same as slavery, and peasants who were huddling for protection around

castles were serfs in the proper acceptation of the term."

"Well," said Malachy, with a sigh, "we were always a very unfortunate people. Ireland has suffered more than any other nation in the world."

"Quite wrong," interrupted Mr. Lambert, "quite wrong, sir. Ireland did suffer, but not so much as other nations of Europe."

"How so?" I inquired.

"By being very remote," said Mr. Lambert, "from oppression, strife, murders, and cruelties. For our position invited piety to our shores, and piety flourished in the land because there was repose in it. Piety associated itself, as it always does, with humanity and learning; and the reputation of our schools had been recognised by all the Christian world, for students flocked here from every quarter for the instruction which was never denied them. While learning was progressing in this island, Paganism was predominant everywhere else, as it is still in the East. Christianity, notwithstanding the labours of the Church, took centuries to penetrate into the regions of Paganism—Scandinavia being unblessed by the shadow of the cross until an Irish monk from the Faroe Islands carried the Gospel into that country."

"It did not fructify much there," said Malachy,

"Unhappily not," said Lambert, "for Denmark

itself was the wilderness of Paganism, around which religion circulated but did not enter, for the Christian neighbours, such as they were, took delight in slaughtering each other."

"True," said Malachy, "the Danes had previously fallen foul of Ireland."

"So they had," observed Mr. Lambert, "but much less cruelly than they did upon England, upon Scotland, upon France, and upon Germany."

"The reason was, I am told," said I, endeavouring to get in a word in the controversy," that the Danes spoke the language of Germany, the language of Holland, the language of the North of France, and much of the language of the South; but that they were strangers altogether to the language spoken by the Irish people. The Irish language literally stopped their way, but not their cruelty. And Irish bravery, I have read in Danish song, was so conspicuous that the returned Northman boasted amongst his fellows at home that he had fought in Ireland."

"Much better," said Mr. Lambert, "if he had never fought here."

"The invasion," said Malachy, "threw our country back."

"A little," said Mr. Lambert, "but not much. Everything that was bad in Ireland, from the time of the Danes to the English invasion, was

worse in England, France, Germany, and all other Christian countries;—a great deal worse. Monarchs and leaders were always fighting with and killing each other. In Ireland there was no invasion, properly speaking, beyond the exploits of a day or two, and the glorious heroism of Brian Boroihme."

"But then," said Malachy, "came the greatest calamity of all, the English invasion."

"Well, that was bad enough," replied Mr. Lambert; "but it was not worse than the Norman invasion of England a few years before. It was not worse than the invasion of France by Rollo a few years previous to that. It was fortunately less hurtful. The English invaders were only a handful of people, and they ought to have been expelled,—but they were not. The authority of Henry was acknowledged because our Church told us to acknowledge it, and the result was not so very bad until the time of the Reformation."

"Yes, yes!" said Malachy, "that was the calamity."

"A terrible calamity," continued Mr. Lambert. "Yet it was not so terrible as it was in England, Scotland, France, Spain, and Germany. Much less. This is easily observed in results. Catholicism was persecuted and trodden out of England; it was persecuted and trodden out of Scotland;

persecuted and trodden out in Wales; persecuted and trodden out in North Germany and Scandinavia. In Ireland Catholicism held its own, and the Catholics are again the people of Ireland."

"Poor Catholics!" sighed Malachy, "They are not guilty of the cruelties which characterised the Protestants."

"Well, well," said Mr. Lambert, "if it gratifies you, you are welcome to it; but in point of fact, my friend, the Catholics in other places acted towards the Protestants in the same way as the Protestants acted towards the Catholics in England and other places. The Catholics in France persecuted the Huguenots; the Catholics in Australia, and all over the Danube, almost exterminated the Protestants; and the Catholics in Italy did actually exterminate them. There was misery everywhere, and no doubt too much of it in Ireland."

"Alas!" said Malachy, "misery will continue unless the sword is once more drawn and national liberty fought for and won."

"Nonsense, my good friend," interrupted Mr. Lambert; "we are all right enough now. We are part and parcel of the great English people."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Malachy.

"Not so," replied Mr. Lambert; "the many are always stronger than the few in every place;

and it is our business, now that the Act of Union is passed, to turn our advantage to account, to make rich England the mine of our industry, and to work it for our national benefit, for it is quite clear that, owing to our religious differences, the extinguishment of our local Parliament was necessary t ogive the Roman Catholics a chance of fair play."

"A small chance, indeed," said Malachy, "for the Orangemen are on the public walk, but they won't be long there."

"Until," said Mr. Lambert, "they are absorbed in the majority of the population. And they never would be absorbed had not the English Parliament absorbed the Irish Parliament and given you something like equality."

"Like equality ?"

"Exactly so; it will come to that by fair means, —by the means within your power, the increase of trade, husbandry, and other resources, and by an increase of population, which is sure to follow better times."

By this time we had progressed far upon Lambert's way home, but he turned round and said, "Now, I will see you part of your way home in return for your civility." We then advanced, as Paddy would say, backwards. The conversation continued in the same strain, and,

when we took leave of our friend, Malachy seemed much depressed. He spoke not until we approached the Castle, and just as we came under the shadow of its walls he observed, "It is gloomy here; but it may be more gloomy by-and-by,"—and he sighed as if sorrowing.—"But," he exclaimed, "there is a future. It may be full of brilliancy,—it may be full of misery."

"Let us think of the brilliancy," I exclaimed, "and betake ourselves to bed."

"With all my heart," he said quietly, and we went to our chambers.

A great deal of thought, pleasant and otherwise, rushed into my mind, and I sat down upon the chair to give it shape. All I had heard that evening was in a great measure new to me. My mother had told me all about the Roaches; but, although her statements were no doubt correct, they had not satisfied the anxiety of a young man involuntarily desiring, not hereditary grandeur, but something to gratify hereditary pride. What I had heard that night went far beyond my mother's lessons. I had heard of Irish discontent, of Irish rhetoric, of Irish eloquence, of Irish extravagance, and of Irish enthusiasm; but nothing realistic had ever presented itself to my mind until that day. I heard my uncle with veneration, and I will add with admiration, for

he spoke like a man of sense—a man who had weighed the state of things around him without attempting to disturb them, and who was ever ready to abide the sequence of time.

Mr. Lambert's historical knowledge and great energy of thought pleased me perhaps much more, for his knowledge of history was new to me, and to a young man novelty is pleasing. Things formerly were very bad in Ireland, but they were bad all over the world. It was a sad state of things, and the prospect of present improvement did not encourage any sanguine expectation.

I heard enough to apprise me that religious differences kept men in a state of fear and hatred; and it even crossed my mind once or twice that there was danger brewing somewhere. I dismissed the thought, however, as quickly as it arose; but then Malachy seemed to speak from a prepossession that had something repulsive in it. Who was Emmet? I imperfectly knew. I admired him for his power of conversation, for his wonderful fluency of speech, and above all for his intelligent earnestness, full of danger to himself, circumstances rendering it fatal.

Mr. Lambert listened to him, not approvingly as I thought, but with a smile in which there was something like pity playing about the mouth; but then Mr. Lambert himself had been a rebel.

He had been engaged in treasonable practices also, and had only just returned from exile. He had crossed the seas, but, contrary to the Roman adage, he did not bring home with him the mind which accompanied him abroad. He had learned much, evidently; that he had thought much was quite clear. On sundry points he had arrived at convictions which he took no trouble to conceal; and I was certainly not displeased with him for his opposition to Malachy's views, although the story of national sufferings was by no means agreeable to me, who had been often told of them, but had been led to believe that they had all disappeared.

Troublesome thoughts will not be allayed by indulging in pleasant thoughts, and nature pointed out to me that the only possible relief was to get some rest.

The cawing of the rooks overhead awoke me out of a rather confused and unrefreshing sleep. The geese were particularly noisy; the ducks were making known their discontent rather than their comfort, and ever and anon the barking of the house dogs rendered discord too sonorous. As I began to think of all I had heard the preceding night, I endeavoured to banish it from my thoughts by proceeding to dress.

CHAPTER X.

AN EXCURSION.

It was a beautiful morning. The bright sun brought the neighbouring mountains, as I thought, almost within touch, and on descending into the open air there was a sense of refreshment affording relief from the previous night's thoughts. On returning to the Castle I found Malachy and Mr. Lambert waiting for me. Mr. Lambert brought good tidings when he proposed that Malachy, myself, his sister, and a young lady stopping with her, should show me the beauties of the Seven Churches. Breakfast was soon despatched, and we all proceeded in the family jaunting car to Highfield, where we found Miss Lambert and some friends waiting for us. The distance being short, our return home to dinner was fixed upon.

We got upon the car and drove off. Malachy contrived to obtain a seat by Miss Lambert, and her young friend accepted such small courtesy as I was able to pay. Two young ladies and gentlemen came up, and Mr. Lambert took them in charge on the other car. After little more than an hour over good roads—for Ireland even then had good roads—we arrived at Glendalough—Glendalough I presume being the valley of the Grand Lake, for there is a lake at the Seven Churches, and on its borders there is a crowd of every kind of grandeur in which archæologists delight.

The cicerone of the place welcomed us on our approach, and we lost no time in following him to such points as he had a thousand times exhibited to former visitors. I must say that the scene filled me with pious awe. I had heard much about the round towers of Ireland, and here we had one or two of them. Our guide gave us their history somewhat doubtfully, for he said they were built by the Danes; but the priest of the parish assured him that they were built by the early Christians. No matter who built them, they were erected, as it were, for eternity. They have endured probably as long as the Pyramids, and there is as much known of them perhaps as is known of what may be called the

monuments of royalty on the Nile. Here they stood, without architectural beauty, but so constructed as to endure all the assaults of time. Not far from these were what are called the Stone-roofed Chapels, perhaps as ancient or more ancient than the round towers; but, although they are palpable to the sight, their history has escaped recognition. The ruined churches were hardly less tangible objects of attention, and their number and their position bespoke that they appertained to a distant age of great Christian zeal. After we were tired of walking and admiring, it was proposed that we should one after the other enter St. Cavan's bed. As a stranger I was to have the right of way, but as I was a good Protestant I refused to pay my devotion to an Irish saint. Malachy then explained to the ladies that St. Cavan may have slept in the bed over the lake; but if he did he was the only one who ever slept in it, for it is inaccessible, and could not be entered except by means hardly available at any time in that remote district. The skylark refuses to do homage to the sacred temple where the holy man slept, for we were assured by the guide that it never yet flew over the lake.

Where there were several ladies and gentlemen there was necessarily a reasonable amount of merry talk. The ladies, as by nature, of course

talk best. They talk with a great deal more vivacity than male creatures, and they talk, too, a great deal more to the purpose; but Malachy and Mr. Lambert were too profound in their thoughts to descend to verbal vivacity, and my modesty prevented my being obtrusive. As we prepared to depart we had to walk through a good many weeds and wild flowers to the spot where our vehicles were waiting for us. On the way one of the young ladies got away from Mr. Lambert and accepted my small conversation. She was very young, very pretty, and tolerably intelligent. She took pleasure in removing my ignorance in reference to some of the parties present, and she gravely informed me that Malachy and Miss Lambert were some day to be one.

"Indeed!" was the only word I uttered.

"It is true. They will make a very fine couple. She is, as you see, a sweet creature, and he is a gentleman of education and character."

I assented to both observations, but in point of fact the news was not quite agreeable to me. I had indulged in a kind of vague notion that I was not entirely indifferent to Miss Lambert; but I was young—I was a stranger. The sudden fancy which had got into my mind somehow or another lingered there, although its impropriety did not escape me. She was the affianced of

Malachy; he was worthy of her, and I had no business to be jealous. Apparently I must have been embarrassed, for my fair companion expressed her pleasure that I was so delighted with the place as to be absorbed in its beauty. The hint awoke the little gallantry that was in me, and I postponed reflection for another time.

My fair companion assisted my mind in a necessary change of thought by saying—

"The ladies in London are very beautiful, are they not?"

"Very," I replied, "ladies are beautiful everywhere. In Ireland, from my experience, they are exceedingly beautiful."

"I believe," she replied very candidly, "we merit the compliment, and no doubt in the eyes of Englishmen we would appear still more beautiful if we kept our lips closed; but as that is not to be expected," she continued with a smile, "the brogue will rush out through lips however beautiful."

"The accent," I observed, "adds to the beauty, and does not detract from it. It is national. It is very intelligible, and in this district it is very sweet and becoming."

"It is," she said, "the Dublin accent; for intercourse with the city, as you may suppose, is very intimate; but nevertheless"—and she looked

inquisitively into my face—"the English accent is more beautiful."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly." Smiling archly, she added, "You have a London accent, and if you stop long at the Castle I shall have some fears for your cousin Malachy."

"Fears?"

"Why, yes. Miss Lambert will hardly think ill of you when you become more intimate."

"You flatter me rather than the lady."

"Neither. But there is something after all in the prestige of the English people which recommends them greatly to the Irish ladies."

"You almost persuade me," I said, "to try the experiment at this moment."

"Oh no," she said laughingly, "don't try it. You see that tall gentleman walking with that pale beauty before us. He is my affianced."

"Were he not," said I, "a very perfect gentleman, and you fully committed by a sacred tie, I might be tempted to 'try my luck,' as people call it. But perhaps you could tell me who that pale beauty holding on his arm is. I have seen her once before."

"Seen her and not know her? She is the youngest daughter of John Philpot Curran."

After this interesting conversation we proceeded

to join the company, who were preparing to return.

Mr. Lambert having taken the seat I formerly occupied, I took my place by my fair companion. She knew all the district exceedingly well. She knew who lived here, who lived there, and who lived everywhere; and if I had been more attentive I might have carried back in my mind some useful information.

The day was pleasing and the termination very agreeable, for Malachy accepted an invitation to dinner.

Irish hospitality as well as English hospitality at that period was not refined. There was abundance of everything, any amount of kindness, but an utter disregard of etiquette. Refinement is quite a modern advantage, and we are indebted for the gracefulness which it diffuses around a table to the presence of ladies. All the ladies dined with us. The table talk of the hour had reference to what we had seen during the day, but it was only general and not particular. St. Cavan's bed was re-discussed. One lady said she would have no objection to sleep in it. Another of the ladies hinted that she would prefer a mattress and plenty of blankets if she ventured into it. A third said that she preferred to sleep at home. All this was uttered

in such pleasing accents that the responses were delightful smiles; for, fortunately for the promotion of human happiness, every little emanation of wit from ladies' lips should be accepted as a delicious pleasure. Mr. Lambert, who was our host, served his guests with the best possible drink for a good dinner; and on the removal of the cloth, the ladies, as was their wont at that time in Ireland, complimented the gentlemen by accepting a glass of punch ladled out of a bowl.

Mr. Lambert resembled my uncle very much in a national way, and, like the patriarchs of the country, they were both tall athletic men. Time, years, and hospitality had given weight and compass to their persons; but, like other descendants of what they called the great houses, they were content to talk about their ancestors without ever thinking of doing anything that would enable them, through altered circumstances, to realise an independence never properly enjoyed by those whose names had descended to them.

CHAPTER XI.

IRISH LITERATURE.

NIGHT had nearly closed around before we stood up to depart. The traveller offered to accompany us a part of the way to the Castle. We were joined by the tall gentleman to whom the lady had referred during our excursion as her affianced. This gentleman and Malachy got into deep conversation, and preceded us by some perches. As Malachy's previous conversation with me on the political influence of Catholicism did not quite satisfy me, I availed myself of this opportunity to elicit the traveller's opinion on the subject. I wanted to know what his opinion was in reference to the different effects which Catholicism and Protestantism respectively produce on the human intellect.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Lambert, "active

intellect is the result of leisure compelled or justified by wealth or position. Poverty is utterly antagonistic to the development of the mind. A man must have two things before he can think. He must have a large vocabulary, and he must be surrounded by circumstances which provoke ideas. Ideas cannot enter the mind unless a man be provided with adequate language. The clown is not so provided. Poverty sometimes may be the consequence of tyranny, of coercion, of restraint, and of imprisonment. Such poverty has now and then provoked intellectual energy; and, leisure being enforced, that energy betrays itself in the conception of knowledge.

"This," I interrupted, "has, in former times, at all events, been true."

"We find it," he replied, "to be universally true. Rude people have never had any literature, for the simple reason that they have no ideas, and they had no ideas because they had no amplified vocabulary."

"But there have always been wealthy people."

"Wealth in early times resulted from piracy and from war. War was rewarded with slaves: slavery gave leisure and wealth, and the moment these presented themselves literature also presented itself. It did this in Greece and in Rome, and the same thing was done in every nation in Europe.

Christianity made its pleasing appearance in the midst of opulence and refinement. Opulence and refinement produced then, as they have very often done since, laxity of morals. Licentiousness seemed to consort with Pagan habits; and, as the people suffered from such licentiousness, the pure morals of Christianity instantly became acceptable to the poor, who had thus an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of its principles."

"Providentially," I interjected.

"The great and the wealthy," he continued, "had then, and have had ever since, a kind of feeble abhorrence of Puritanism. The Christians by their purity became obnoxious; and as their persecutors were the learned, the scientific, and, if you please, the licentious, its teachers held literature, wordly wisdom, and wealth in detestation. Learning to the pure young mind had an odour of Paganism about it, and the result was that it was completely proscribed."

"Am I to infer from this," I said, interrupting him, "that Christianity was adverse to knowledge?"

"By no means."

"How so?" I inquired.

"Barbarism," he replied, "early drove the Romans from their high places. The removal of the seat of the empire of Constantine—a political movement —from Rome to Constantinople hastened its down-

fall; and the grandeur of civilisation produced in its stead too much fanaticism, too much persecution, and too much poverty. Northmen have always been, even in their distant homes, the lovers of sunshine; and, from periods beyond the authority of records, we are led to believe by inference that they poured their hordes down by Western Europe. They came, but did not depart. They settled down in various districts in conquering bodies, and selected their bravest, as it were, to be their guides. They were all men of war. Wars, battles, and invasions grew out of this state of things; and during the early and middle ages of Christianity, and long after, there was no literature for thinking men to pour their thoughts through except rude verse and equally rude chronicles."

"Did not," I asked, "the monks obviate all this?"

"The monks," he replied, "had possession of the depositories of literature—that is, the Pagan and Christian manuscripts; but they were not under the influence of ambition or temptation to do more than render accessible by translation what they considered the better parts of Pagan works."

"But then," I interrupted, "a few enthusiastic scholars succeeded in introducing classical learning into the modern world."

"They did so," said Mr. Lambert, "and a great

deal too much credit has been ascribed to the influence of that introduction. Too much attention, perhaps, was paid to it by the schoolmen, who, it is now confessed, misunderstood it. The men acknowledged now to be the most learned treated with indifference, not to say contempt, almost every ancient author but Euclid and Ptolemy. Galileo even rejected Aristotle. Our knowledge, so vast, so useful, and so extending, has not proceeded from ancient tongues, but from a better knowledge of our own and a better regard especially for what the Greeks and Romans had not much veneration for—facts and experiments."

"You remind me," I said, "of old Dilworth's aphorism:—

> 'Leave all other tongues alone,
> Until you can read and write your own.'"

"Not quite wisely," he remarked; "but you now see Ireland may fairly start up in pursuit of knowledge, literature, and science under circumstances which have never before presented themselves to this country, for now the English language is the language of Irishmen."

"Was not," I asked, "the Irish language once national?"

"It was," he replied, "national but not classical. The language spoken by only a very limited number of people could not be classical; but,

whether it were or not, it must be obvious to you that it would now be quite unsuited to a people in pursuit of progress and knowledge, while the English language is spoken by millions of refined and intelligent people; and now, if we only make use of our opportunity and abide our time, we may once more—without much difficulty I believe—entitle ourselves to the claims awarded to our ancestors—that is, of being the most learned people in the world."

CHAPTER XII.

BLACK MAIL.

NEXT morning on expressing to my uncle the great delight I felt on my visit to Glendalough, he said—

"Oh, the glory of Glendalough is all gone. There is nothing there now but relics of the past. It was not always so. Glendalough was a city of great importance in the middle ages. The O'Tooles, the O'Birns, and the Roaches were the chiefs of the whole district. They were very powerful—so powerful, that for many years they levied subsidies on Dublin as payment for affording the city protection against other septs. This money was called Black Mail."

"How long is that ago?" I asked.

"Not so very long ago," was the reply. "By-the-by I have heard a story taken out of a very recent

publication, which will give you a very good idea of what the Black Mail was, and what the manners of the time were."

My uncle then went to his desk, and produced a publication from which he read the following tale:—

Early one morning in the summer of 1308, a large crowd of persons had assembled in the neighbourhood of Thomas Gate, as the north-west entrance to the Irish metropolis was called; it consisted chiefly of females, children, and elderly men; and, from the anxiety which was pictured upon every countenance, it was apparent that they were in expectation of some intelligence in which the inhabitants of Dublin were deeply interested. Some were engaged in audible prayer, and some endeavoured to banish fear from themselves and others by prognostications of good news. A few citizens mounted guard upon the battlements; and, though the duty of a sentinel was then but imperfectly understood, they felt that a certain responsibility was imposed upon them, and accordingly showed, in their consequential strut backwards and forwards, that they were vain of their arms, and perhaps more vain of their person. The bow was slung upon their backs, and one or two were clothed in coats of mail. To the unwieldy two-handled sword, the Irish skein was added,

and here the halbert lay carelessly against the wall of the prison, for Newgate then stood about the spot where Thomas Street now commences.

"I wonder," said one, "how do Negle's irons agree with M'Balthor's legs, within here?" and he knocked his heel against the exterior wall of the prison.

"He's little concerned, I wot," replied his companion, "for he'll soon dance an Irish trot on Hog's Green."

"Not by himself," said the first; "I hope our townsmen have been successful enough to afford a few to keep him company."

"And 'twere a pity, too," said a third, "for what worse is he than the O'Birns and O'Tooles? he steals fat cattle and fat aldermen, and so do they; yet we hang the one and pay Black Mail to the others."

"'Tis all a case," said the first speaker, "the heads of the wild Irish rebels should grace these pikes here that stand in want of their usual ornaments since the M'Tuhills, or O'Tooles as you call them, forced us to strip them; but, please heaven, we will recover our credit by-and-by, and hang every man of them. There can be no peace for the pale while these O'Tooles live."

"That's but too true," rejoined the third, "and this had long since been the case, were not the colony dealt hard with by plagues and famines."

For centuries subsequent to the invasion of Leinster, the English power was circumscribed in Ireland; the Normans, who inhabited the pale, as a limited district around the metropolis was called, were regarded merely as the successors of the Esterlings; as a people to be at once respected for their bravery and plundered for their wealth. The distant riaghs, or chieftains, were too much occupied in defending their little kingdoms, or invading those of their neighbours, to bestow any consideration on the English colony; but those who lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis frequently inflicted indignities upon the English subjects. They were occasionally compelled to purchase the forbearance of surrounding chieftains by an annual tribute, denominated Black Mail. To do the hardy colony justice, they were not insensible to the disgrace; and, when opportunity presented itself, were not slow to resume their independence, and refuse compliance with the compact to which their necessities, not their wills, consented. Such, however, were the misfortunes of the pale, that it was seldom in a condition, for any length of time, to withstand the hostile irruptions of the O'Birns, O'Tooles and Cavanaghs, whose possessions stretched from the river Barrow, which divides Kilkenny from Wexford, to within a few miles of Dublin. When plagues and famine—and they were fre-

quent in their recurrence—had thinned the inhabitants, or when distant and fatal expeditions —for they once invaded Scotland—had impaired their resources, the O'Birns or the O'Tooles were sure to pour down upon them, and retire only with hostages as an assurance that the Black Mail would be paid in future.

A combination of calamities had, some time previous to the year 1308, compelled the citizens of Dublin to submit to a renewal of the indignity, and Robert le Decer, the son of the provost, was detained as a hostage for the fulfilment of the terms imposed by the O'Toole, of Glendalough. In these days, as well as in modern times, political compacts endured no longer than as it suited the interests of the contracting parties to act up to the terms of the treaty; and hostilities were frequently commenced at the expense of those who remained as securities in the hands of the enemy.

This morning the more feeble part of the population had assembled without the city walls, in expectation of the return of their martial friends, who had the previous day proceeded to make reprisals on the O'Mores, of Leix, as the inhabitants of the Queen's County were then called. As the morning advanced their anxiety increased, and they apprehended the worst, when a voice

from the top of the battlement called out, "They come! they come!"

This was followed by a shout of exultation, and in a few minutes the black banner which the citizens bore in times of hostility became visible on the heights of Kilmainham, in the midst of columns of dust, which intimated the approach of the cavalcade. The crowd now simultaneously rushed forward to greet the martial citizens, whose heroism on this occasion was crowned with victory. John le Decer, the provost, for Dublin had then no lord mayor, bowed to the greeting multitude as he rode in the van of his companions, who followed in that disorder which then characterized the movements of hostile numbers. Here and there the head of an Irish enemy was elevated upon a pole, and the sight of the bleeding fragment did not seem to damp the joy of the citizens.

Huddled together, about twenty prisoners marched along amidst the jeers and insults of their captors; but, undismayed at the probable fate which awaited them, they acknowledged the ungenerous treatment of the victors by looks in which scorn and despair were intimately blended. These kerns exhibited in their persons a fair specimen of the Irish soldier of the period, and the *tout ensemble* was such as to elicit the admiration of their enemies. The absurd customs of other

climes had not been then introduced into the island; nature was allowed to exert her privileges, and the result was the full development of manly beauty. Tall, but elegantly proportioned, their sinewy limbs and elastic frames indicated the utmost activity; and it would seem that they were conscious of the possession of physical beauty, for their dress was studiously adapted to give the utmost effect to their personal endowments. The trews adhered closely to the limbs, and the vest, like ancient armour, accommodated itself to the inequalities of the body; while the mantle of the kerns, from its shortness, being not longer than a modern pelerine, did not conceal any part of the body, or restrain the wearer from personal exertion. At the period to which we allude, the barred, or cap, was not universally worn. Fond of long flowing locks, the hair was considered as a sufficient covering for the head; and, unlike the Saxons, who shaved the upper lip, the Irish, in anticipation, as it would appear, of modern times, shaved the chin, but cherished formidable mustachios.

Such was the dress worn by the captives, who now stared around them with vague feelings of regret and revenge; while the proud citizens, clothed in their leathern doublets, regarded them as mere ferocious savages, whom it was meritorious

to rob and butcher, when either could be done with impunity. Besides this *prey*, there were a hundred head of black cattle, the sight of which increased the general joy.

All was now bustle and gladness; the public had no sympathy with the few who mourned the relations who were killed, or had fallen into the hands of the enemy, as the Irish then really were.

In a short time the city authorities were assembled. They congratulated each other on the success of their *hosting* into the O'Mores' country; for though the citizens depended chiefly on trade, they sometimes imitated the barons and great men of the age, by resorting to very summary, if not very honest, means of enriching themselves. Flushed with victory, they resolved to follow up their success, and instead of paying Black Mail to the M'Tuhills, they determined to make an incursion into their country. Here, however, a difficulty arose; it was recollected that Robert le Decer was an hostage at Glendalough, and any violation of the compact on their parts would certainly place his life in some danger. This puzzled the good citizens, and, after some hours spent in discussion, they adjourned undecided, to digest that, along with other matters, in the hall of the tholsel where those good things were prepared, which martial, as well as peaceable citizens delight to discuss.

The gates were shut, and the citizens had sought repose, when the provost was shown into a dark damp dungeon of the city prison. "Do you sleep, M'Balthor?" inquired the provost, as he held the lanthorn to the face of a man, who, wrapped in his mantle, sat silently upon a rude stone, the only furniture of the place.

"Sleep," repeated the prisoner, sarcastically, looking around him and snuffing up the filthy odour of the place; "where, Saxon, would you have me stretch myself? besides, I can't afford to sleep just now."

"For planning some new scheme of robbery?"

"Of vengeance you mean," interrupted the prisoner.

"It may be so," returned the provost, "but first the laws must take vengeance upon you. You have burnt our dwellings, you have butchered our citizens, you have robbed us——

"Of useless *pollards*,"* interrupted the prisoner. "But," he continued, rising, "who are you who make the charge? only this day you have pillaged an Irish country, and butchered an unoffending people, and yet you come and reproach M'Balthor."

"You mistake me," said the chief magistrate, "I come on an errand of friendship, if you choose to seek the English protection, and accept of English gratitude."

* Base Coin.

The prisoner raised his eyes in wonder.

"You know the M'Tuhill of Glendalough," continued the provost; "within the rath, as he calls it, of that chieftain, is detained as an hostage an only son of mine."

"I know the remainder," interrupted the prisoner, "you have such an abhorrence of robbery, that you want me to *steal* even M'Tuhill's hostage. And suppose I do, what then?"

"Twenty ounces of pure gold will be your reward; but if not——"

"Never mind the rest; I know what you was going to say;—if not, M'Balthor's locks will float in the morning's breeze from the top of Newgate. Better men have even met a worse fate; but I am at liberty? Unloose these fetters, and the young sassanach shall be here before ten days expire, to feed upon the O'Mores' beef."

The provost led M'Balthor out of the prison, and the wicket being unlocked, the outlaw regained his liberty. By the light of the moon the shadows of half a dozen heads were distinctly seen upon the open space before the gate, reflected from their "bad eminence" over the barrier, and instinctively the robber turned to look upon them. "Fortune," he ejaculated, "is still favourable: the Saxons have not yet ornamented their skeins with my skonce, and by St. Patrick 'twill be my

fault if ever they do. But—" he paused—"aye, that will do," he continued; and, having mentally formed his future plans, he strode rapidly forward.

The reader need not be told of the exact geographical position of Glendalough; it is situated in the most romantic part of the county of Wicklow, about twenty miles from Dublin, and derives its name from two picturesque lakes, which are surrounded by wild and rugged hills. The district once belonged to the M'Tuhills or O'Tooles, who exercised the duties of royalty for centuries subsequent to the reign of Henry II. Previous to the twelfth century, they occasionally swayed the sceptre of Leinster; and, in later times, ruled, conjointly with the O'Birns and the O'Kavanaghs, that long ridge of hills which stretch from the county of Kilkenny to within a few miles of Dublin. Their jurisdiction was acknowledged by the English monarchs; and the election of the riagh was still regulated by those Gothic customs —for they were not Celts—which were based on national independence.

At the period to which our tale relates, a M'Tuhill was raised to the chieftaincy, and, like the predecessors of his family, he took up his abode in the venerable city of Glendalough. In early life he was distinguished for an active bravery, and his many successes in war had no

small share in procuring his elevation to the chief command. Age, however, had not diminished his desire of glory, and the neighbouring toparchs still showed, by their submission, that they dreaded at once his skill and bravery.

Glendalough was then the abode of piety, and somewhat of opulence; its splendid churches—its many religious edifices—now an undistinguished heap of ruins—necessarily begat an active and industrious population; and, as a certain refinement had began to prevail, those who wished to distinguish themselves otherwise than by deeds of arms took up their residence where luxury might display itself, and devotion find security from hostile interruption. The dwellings of laymen were similar to those of other nations—hastily constructed of such materials as convenience recommended. The Irish excelled in constructing houses of wood; and such was the case at Glendalough. The habitation of the riagh or chief was spacious and lofty; and, as hospitality was the characteristic of the times, the hall was constantly crowded with guests. The insecurity of the period did not allow of expenditure in ornaments.

At a short distance from this primitive palace stood the mansion of the Tanist. To him was committed the care of the national finances; and as the different hostages were connected with

these, they of course resided in his house. Though eager to overreach each other, and though not a whit more sincere than the statesmen of modern times, there was a rude honour and individual confidence amongst men which were highly favourable to social intercourse and toleration. Vengeance was then prompt and rife, but the cool calculating tyranny of advanced civilization was unknown. The hostages were treated with kindness; there was no jealous watching, no secrecy observed. The strangers found themselves the guests of friends rather than of enemies, and had nothing to regret except a temporary absence from home.

Young le Decer at first wondered at everything he saw; but a few weeks served to convince him that the habits and manners of the people approximated very closely to those of Englishmen, among whom he had spent several years of his boyhood. Their customs, so different from those of the citizens of Dublin—the gaiety of their disposition, their careless indolence, their carousals, music and revelry, as well as their martial vauntings, filled the youthful hostage with sentiments of admiration; and, when contrasted with the sober monotony of a town life, left within his breast a vague desire to adopt the Irish and forego the English customs. Perhaps love had some

influence upon his meditations. The Tanist had an only daughter, whose youth and beauty were well calculated to make an impression upon a mind formed for the admission of tender sentiments. Dorgiva shared in common with her then unsophisticated countrywomen all those graces of person which "need not the foreign aid of ornament;" but her vicinity to the abode of religious societies afforded her an opportunity of cultivating her various talents, and acquiring a degree of mind which is necessary to make the attractions of beauty irresistible and permanent.

In Le Decer she soon discovered talents similar to her own; and, without any motive but the desire of conversing with one familiar with kindred studies, she did not offer any formidable resistance to the temptation of his society. On his part he was first ambitious to please, but mere acts of gallantry soon yielded dominion to sentiments of regard; and, though he never ventured upon an avowal, there was a mutual understanding, as distinct and ample as if declarations had been made and accepted.

When the first flush of happiness, however, had subsided, and reflection came, as it often does, to administer draughts of bitterness, there was felt by each an undefined sentiment of alarm; they belonged to families and nations irrevocably

opposed to each other, and whose national prejudices would never sanction a union between individuals belonging to the mere Irish and English colonists. But love is seldom unsuccessful in administering balm to wounded spirits; their fears were heard only in privacy and solitude; for they no sooner came into each other's society, than every sentiment but those of tenderness and regard was banished from their bosoms. Dorgiva touched her harp with animation, and Le Decer listened with that rich rapture which a lover only can feel when listening to skilful melody, poured from the ripe lips of a beloved mistress.

The encroachments of evening were nowhere felt so soon and so decidedly as at Glendalough. The surrounding hills, then clothed in rich foliage, in intercepting the rays of the declining sun, served to throw a sombre shade over the romantic valley; and as the tolling of the bells of the different monasteries inviting to prayer, and the chant of the pious monks instilling reverence and devotion, commingled, as it were, with the stillness of evening, the hour was felt as one of tranquil gladness, mellowed by religious hope, and calculated to awaken the best and purest feelings of the human heart. On such an evening Dorgiva and Le Decer strolled along the margin of the lake towards the sequestered abode of a

pious recluse, whose austerities and simplicity had left scepticism no room to doubt of his sincerity. It had not been their first visit; and the good old man felt pleased with the attention, and repaid it by impressing upon their minds brief moral maxims and practical precepts relating to religious duties. On this occasion he was more diffuse than usual, and his pupils were detained beyond the usual hour of departure. Just as they arose a person entered, and presently the rude abode of the anchorite was filled with armed strangers.

"What mean ye my sons?" asked the hermit "whom seek you here?"

"The son of the Saxon provost," was the reply.

"M'Walter," said Dorgiva, addressing the leader of the band as her lover drew his sword, "Robert le Decer is an hostage in the hands of the O'Toole."

"And a captive in the hands of Dorgiva," answered the outlaw; "but we shall find one better befitting a daughter of Erin than a base sassanach churl, even though it were M'Walter, or rather M'Balthor, for such, fair lady, is my real name."

This intelligence was astounding. M'Balthor was notorious for his deeds of robbery and bloodshed; but under the assumed name of M'Walter had gained admittance to the hearth of the Tanist, and made proposals for the hand of his daughter. Dorgiva, however, had an instinctive abhorrence

of the man, and loathed him with that strong hatred which woman feels for an obtrusive suitor. The sad reality now flashed upon her; and, before she could make any reply to the alarming intimation contained in his last words, his followers laid rude hands upon herself and her lover, and bore them blindfolded from the hermitage. Le Decer made all possible resistance, but his struggles were in vain; and, though he had every reason to feel alarmed on his own account, he thought only of the unprotected Dorgiva.

It was about midnight when his captors came to a halt; and, from some lights visible at a distance, he fancied that they could not be far from Dublin. His conjecture was right; in less than an hour he was delivered into the hands of his father, and soon after entered the city. Here he learned the solution of the mystery; and, with the ingenuousness of youth, he made his father the depository of his secret—of his love for the Tanist's daughter. She was now, he said, in the hands of the robber, and fearful consequences were to be apprehended unless speedily rescued from a situation so calamitous. Instead of manifesting any pity for Dorgiva, any sympathy for the feelings of the lover, the provost gave way to his anger, and convinced his son that he had only one alternative, either to forego his love for the Tanist's

daughter, or forfeit the friendship of his father. His choice was soon made; despising the dishonourable means by which he had been surreptitiously withdrawn from Glendalough, he hastily quitted the city the next morning, and quickly regained the country of the O'Tooles. The war cry was instantly raised; the hill resounded with hostile music; and when the citizens came out a *hosting*, as they called it, they experienced a reception very different from that which they met from the O'Mores of Leix. The successful Irish pursued them to the Damegate; and, after a vigorous assault, carried the city by storm. Convinced of their error, the citizens renewed the treaty, paid additional Black Mail, and gave new hostages.

In the meantime Dorgiva had not been discovered. "Give me twenty of these brave fellows for companions," said Le Decer, "and I'll pledge myself to restore the maiden to her friends.

"The Saxon speaks boldly," said M'Tuhill, "and well deserves our confidence. Let it be as he desires."

Armed with the Irish lance and the battle axe, Le Decer and his companions set forward; and, after two days' search, were fortunate enough to come up with the fugitives. M'Balthor made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately over-

powered. He could give, however, no account of Dorgiva; being left, he said, in the care of one of his followers on the night of the abduction, she was rescued from him, but by whom he was quite ignorant. Le Decer thought this unsatisfactory, and accordingly carried the outlaw a prisoner to Glendalough. Here he repeated the same story, but with equal success, and the Brehon was about to condemn him to die—a punishment reserved solely for the violator of woman's honour—when Dorgiva made her appearance. She had been fortunately rescued by a party of the O'Birns, who heard her shriek as they passed, and who now restored her to her friends.

This completely altered the nature of M'Balthor's offence. The Brehon repaired to the *mote*, an artificial eminence; the people stood in a circle around, and the accusation was heard. The law allowed only a mulct, and the robber was on the point of being discharged on the payment of twenty cows, when it was suggested by the O'Toole that, being on terms of amity with the Saxons, the prisoner ought to be transmitted to Dublin, there to experience the mercy of the Norman laws. This advice was instantly acted upon; and the chronicle of the day says, "This year, 1308, William M'Balthor, *alias* M'Walter, a great robber and incendiary, was condemned by

the lord justice Wogan, and was drawn at a horse's tail to the gallows, and there executed."

Robert le Decer, having given mortal offence to the citizens, no longer hesitated to adopt the manners of the Irish; and, on his marriage with Dorgiva, which soon after took place, assumed the name of O'Toole; and now "lives in the verse that immortality saves." His father mourned his loss, but refused to see him. Childless, as he regarded himself, he spent his fortune in public works, and city records make honourable mention of his name.

When my uncle concluded I observed, "Those days were very pleasaut to read about, but evidently they were very unpleasant times to live in."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EVENING WITH EMMET.

HAVING spent a few days in admiring the beauties of the county of Wicklow, I made a trip to Dublin to transact some business of my father's. The person on whom I had to call was from home, and, in the absence of all other engagements, I amused myself in strolling through the streets, and once more viewing the public buildings. From the Castle I was proceeding to St. Patrick's Cathedral, when, in an obscure lane, I met my young friend Mr. Emmet. With that kindness which characterised him he seized my hand, gave it a friendly squeeze, and then inquired if I had dined. Being answered in the negative, he took my arm, and, after walking through several by-streets, he led me into an obscure tavern, and ordered dinner in a private room.

I have seldom spent a happier hour in my life than I did that evening with Emmet. His manners, his eloquence, and the sincerity as well as the kindness which breathed through everything he said, banished all reserve on my part, and we conversed more like long-tried friends than casual acquaintances. We talked of literature, of London, and of politics. My sentiments regarding Liberty — the goddess he idolised — were warm; and, as I spoke with becoming abhorrence of tyranny, he seemed delighted with my opinions. Before we separated he made me promise to call on him that night at his lodgings; and, when I did so, about eight o'clock, I was agreeably surprised to find the traveller there before me. After supper, the conversation took a political turn; and Emmet, whose mind was then filled with the project of liberating his country, began to expatiate on the ease with which Ireland could throw off the English yoke, and the benefits that would ensue from such a measure.

"Your enthusiasm, my friend," said I, interrupting him, "carries you beyond the bounds of probability; for, in anticipating a revolution in this country, you forget that England calculates on the subjection of Ireland, and that she is able to compel what it is her interest to desire."

"That she desires it," he replied, "I have no

doubt; but that she is able to compel it I unhesitatingly deny. The belief in England's superior strength has too long prevailed in this kingdom; but it is now, happily, beginning to disappear. In comparing the two countries, we must exclude from our estimation everything but physical strength alone, and then the balance will be entirely in favour of Ireland; for I believe it will be readily admitted that she has the greater military population; and, in a struggle for liberty, men only are valuable. It is a matter of arithmetical calculation. Ireland can, in the event of a well-organised revolution, turn into the field between seven and eight hundred thousand effective men—an army certainly more numerous than any force England could send against her."

"Admitting your calculation to be correct," I returned, "you are not to deny the superiority of disciplined troops over rebel numbers. An army of fifty thousand men would soon rout your invincible phalanx."

"The time has passed, my dear sir," he rejoined, "when such an exploded notion found credence among mankind. In a barbarous age, when two armies drew up within gun-shot of each other, each serving as an immovable target for its opponent to fire at, such a belief was natural, because he who possessed a musket had a fearful

advantage over the man who had not one. But modern times have a different and more natural mode of warfare; personal prowess now, as in periods of antiquity, is likely to be victorious; and all necessary discipline can be learned in a very few days."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "you must be totally mistaken. I won't say you are, but I believe you are."

Without taking notice of my interruption he continued: "A man does not necessarily acquire either superior courage or address from the colour of his coat; and a soldier with a fixed bayonet has no advantage over a fierce peasant with a well-tempered pike. Almost every victory of modern times has been gained by coming to close action; and that mode, to which a well-regulated army is indebted for success, is as available to a determined band of freemen as to any hired troops in Europe."

"All experience," I said, "is against your conclusion."

"As different animals," he replied, "have different modes of attack and defence, an insurgent army has a discipline of its own, recommended by reason and sanctioned by experience. With walled towns and close garrisons they have nothing to do: the hills of their country serve them as places of retreat marshes, rivers, and lakes are

their best bastions; while defiles afford them opportunities of attack, and woods and valleys serve them as places of ambush."

After a pause he proceeded: "The face of nature solicits the oppressed to regain their freedom; and, certainly, no country on the globe has so many invitations to revolt as our own. There is scarcely a mile, from one extremity of the island to the other, in which an hostile army could not be successfully harassed, and, if needful, successfully opposed. To this may be added that an Irish insurgent army would materially differ from a similar one in any other kingdom of Europe; for nearly every peasant, and certainly every man above the rank of a peasant, is intimately acquainted with the use of fire-arms. Those near the sea-shore (and they are a large portion) are excellent marksmen; while the inhabitants of mountains, and the neighbourhoods of bogs, lakes, and marshes, are expert fowlers."

"Experience," I again observed, "is against you."

"The Wexford insurgents were evidences of this fact during the late rebellion, when they gave a proof of their abilities; and showed that the peasantry of Ireland when aroused are nothing inferior to the best disciplined troops in Europe."

"I know it," interrupted the traveller, "for I

witnessed their skill in bringing down an enemy; and I must confess that, had they had generals of experience and been disciplined, they would not have been inferior, man for man, to any force that might have been brought against them."

"There is always a deficiency," said I, "in some part, that renders every effort of the remainder abortive. Out of a hundred revolts, scarcely one has been successful."

"Not one," said the traveller.

"Pardon me," said Emmet, "if I set you right; for history furnishes us with few instances of failure where a nation has been unanimous. It is giving the enemies of man a new weight, to add to the burden of oppression, by dignifying pigmy insurrections and partial rebellions with the name of open revolt. They should rather be called sanguinary riots: and, thus reduced to their proper level, their ghosts might not be summoned from oblivious neglect to scare mankind from an assertion of their rights. Instances of national resuscitation are neither few nor unfrequent. Tyranny was expelled from Rome by the rebellion of the people; and Switzerland and the Netherlands are memorials of successful revolts. In our own day America has shown what a few thousand peasants could accomplish when actuated by a love of liberty. Ireland is superior in

number to any of these; equals them in address and courage; and is stimulated by wrongs greater than have been experienced by all these together. Soldiers," he continued, "are but men; and, generally, the most imbecile of men. Let the people be taught to despise the glare and glitter of polished arms, and the terror they are wont to inspire will be converted into objects of ridicule and contempt. Happily an opinion prevails in Ireland that a soldier is an inferior mortal, and that three hundred athletic peasants would be equal to a regiment of a thousand men. I don't say that this opinion is correct; but it must be admitted that, in case of a rising, it would be of infinite service, as tending to inspire confidence in the insurgents, and contempt for their enemies—two things that materially conduce to victory."

The traveller smiled disapprovingly.

"Leaders," continued Emmet, not noticing the disapproval, "in a harassing war, would be easily procured; for the sagacity of an unlettered peasant might serve for the purpose. Who does not remember the servant-boy at Oulard, whose advice was followed by the destruction of a whole regiment? Great occasions produce great men; and generals are formed in the study as well as in the camp. The Catholics are not now what they for-

merly were; intelligence is diffused; thousands of them are in the British army; and every man of these would desert on the first opportunity, if there were a hope of their countrymen being successful; for the *amor patriæ* is not extinguished by the imposition of the military oath."

"All this is very plausible," I returned, "over a tumbler of punch; but saying and doing are two things. While your rebel thousands would be cutting off one regiment, the British navy would be landing twenty. Money is power; and while England has an exchequer she can easily procure soldiers. A host of Germans, as in Ninety-eight, could be landed on your shore; and, if needful, the Autocrat of Russia would furnish twenty or thirty thousand Cossacks."

"Oppression," replied Emmet, "perpetuated by knavery, is to be removed only by prudence. There is a season (said the wise man) for all things; and a time for sowing the seed of disaffection as well as for sowing the seed of plants. Tyranny is a monster that is to be attacked only in the weakest parts; and experience tells us that the Irish Government is most feeble when England is engaged in war. In Eighty-two, Ireland obtained from Great Britain all she demanded, because her oppressors, being unable to oppose, were compelled to concede. Such opportunities of casting off

the yoke of foreign domination have occurrred, and will perpetually present themselves to the people of Ireland; for it is one of the ways of Providence, for which mankind should be grateful, that no nation need endure permanent oppression, as the means of freedom are, in the revolution of events, from time to time, in the power of the people. Your dreaded armies of barbarous Cossacks and German boors could not, in time of war, be spared to murder the people of Ireland; nor would the British navy be at leisure to convey such unworthy freight. Take the present time, for example, (and such a time will often occur,) and where are the forces, even for English money, to awe the people of this country? They are not to be procured."

"You forget," said the traveller, "that the men who achieved partial independence in Eighty-two were men in arms, drilled volunteers, and every man a Protestant."

"Besides," I observed, "the loyal part of the people would volunteer in defence of their king and laws. Many Catholics, and nearly all the Protestants, would support the army."

"Loyalty in Ireland," rejoined Emmet, "is a very scarce commodity; and, when brought to the test, I believe the greater part of what is professed would be found, like the shield of Martinus, to be

a deceit. In the event of rebellion, few Catholics would be trusted; and the Protestants, when opposed to the people, would be only like an infant in the grasp of a giant. But it would be libelling the independent Protestants of the kingdom to suppose they do not feel the degradation of their country as keenly as any other body of men, or to doubt for a moment that they would not lend their assistance in achieving her liberty. I know they would. The base and grovelling wretches who feed on the tainted carcass of corruption might, indeed, make a show of resistance; but thousands of Irish Protestants, and the great body of the Northern Presbyterians, would fly to the standard of independence, and unite with their Catholic countrymen in resisting the enemies of freedom. Can this admit of a doubt, when we recollect that these very men were the originators and fomenters of the last rebellion?"

"Times are changed since then," said the traveller. "The Orangemen to a man would confront the Catholics."

"Did not," I asked, "the leaders of the last rebellion calculate on foreign assistance?"

"And so may all future leaders," returned Emmet. "I know the opinion of the French Consul on that subject, and have no hesitation in asserting that another Hoche would be sent out,

were there once a rising in Ireland. Where then would be the chance of England holding this country in subjection? The very effort would be her own ruin; for, if she refused to acknowledge the independence of this island, an united Irish and French army would, in less than six months, sit before the gates of London."

"I must say you are an enthusiast, Mr. Emmet," said I; "and, if a Cockney heard your statement, how he would shake his sides with laughter!"

"Ridicule," rejoined Emmet, "is but a poor weapon against the force of reason. The Grecians despised Thebes; but Thebes humbled both Athens and Sparta. Rome contemned those she called barbarians; but, behold, those barbarians ultimately destroyed Rome! The history of the world is full of such instructive lessons; and those who will not learn wisdom from the volume of experience must expect to endure the consequence of folly. England once held the same opinion of America that she does now of Ireland; and no doubt she will, one day, be made to acknowledge the latter as erroneous as the former; for Ireland is now nearly twice as strong as America was at the time of the revolution."

"Possibly," said the traveller, "with foreign assistance, Ireland might separate herself from England; but I am very far from regarding such

an event as desirable, for then we should only change masters; as those who came as friends would remain to domineer, and, in place of being subject to England, we should be subject to France."

"Such an opinion," said Emmet, "is prevalent in England, and has found some advocates in Ireland; but it is quite erroneous. America was assisted by France without being enslaved. The French never contemplated such a thing; for, if they had, Ireland would long since have been lost to England; and I know Buonaparte intended to make this country an independent republic at the time Hoche was sent here. The friendship of Ireland would be much better than her possession to a foreign power; and there are so many reasons for making this apparent, that no continental sovereign would ever attempt holding this nation in subjection. Even if he wished it, he could not; for the people who arose to shake off one yoke would never submit to endure another; and Ireland is fully able to expel the most potent power in the world who should attempt to enslave her. Fashion has too long coincided with interest to treat this country with indifference; but, the moment she compares her strength with that of other nations, she will blush for her present abject condition."

"And if separated from England to-morrow," said I, "Ireland must resort to some other country for what this island does not produce."

"That is," replied Emmet, "she belongs to the great family of nations, and must resort to commerce; and so must all countries. But, though a wall of brass, as Berkley said, were raised round Ireland, she could maintain twice her present inhabitants; and that's more than can be said of the sister kingdom. Speculators have detected our want of various articles; but they might as well say England cannot maintain her independence because she is obliged to go to China for tea and to Russia for hemp. Away with such objections—they deserve no answer; for, if nations could not be free without possessing within themselves all a nation wants, no country except China could be independent. If ever Providence," he continued, "destined any spot on this globe for the residence of a pure republic, it was Ireland. Rousseau selected Corsica; but, had he extended his vision from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, he would have discovered in this country all he admired in the land of Paoli, while she was free from the objections that might be urged against his favourite island."

"Republicanism, I was taught in school," I observed, "to regard as a thing of brief duration.

It comes into existence in the absence of preparation, and dies for want of maturity. Some insects live but a day, and the goose and the elephant are only long-lived."

"A people," said Emmet, "prepared to receive republicanism should not be wealthy, frivolous, or ignorant: they should be temperate, virtuous, and brave; they should love justice, religion, and their country; and should have recently experienced the sufferings of oppression. Such are the people of Ireland. But these circumstances would only prepare the nation to receive a good government—there are others requisite to enable them to procure it; and these are disposition, numbers, and geographical position. Ireland has these—the people are anxious for a revolution, are able to effect it, and have all the aid that an isolated country, intersected with a thousand natural barriers, and strengthened by numerous defiles, can give a native and patriotic soldier over a foreign mercenary."

"But," said I, "even the benefits you anticipate from the independence of Ireland are not to be acquired in opposition to the obligations of religion, which command all men to be subject to lawful authority."

"You are right," he replied; "all men should submit to lawful authority, but no authority can be lawful but that of which the people approve.

'Shaking off power,' says Locke, 'which force, and not right, hath set over every one, though it bear the name of rebellion, yet is no offence before God, but is even allowed and countenanced by HIM; though even promises and covenants, which were obtained by force, have intervened.' That we might not misunderstand what he means by speaking of force, the same illustrious philosopher previously observes—'Who doubts but that the Grecian Christians, descendants of the ancient possessors of the country, may justly cast off the Turkish yoke, which they have so long groaned under, whenever they have an opportunity to do so? No government can have a right to obedience from a people who have not freely consented to it; which they never can be supposed to do, till they are put in a full state of liberty to choose their government and governors.'"

"Or," said the traveller, "'at least, till they have such standing laws, to which they have, by themselves or their representatives, given their free consent.' I believe this is the conclusion of the passage."

"Admitted," replied Emmet; "but recollect what Locke says elsewhere of free consent, which can never be supposed to exist until subjects are free to give consent. 'The people,' says he, 'owe no obligations whilst force, and not choice, compels

them to submission.' If he had written on the state of Ireland, his words could not have been more applicable. The truth is," continued Emmet, "Christianity does not abrogate a single law of Nature; and, though Popes have sometimes attempted to dictate the civil duties of mankind, they usurped an authority not delegated by their Master; for we have a high authority for saying that Christianity has, in respect of civil rights, left us where she found us."

"The whole argument," returned the traveller, "resolves itself into a question of expediency; for if Ireland, in resisting the English Government, subjected herself to less inconvenience than by submitting, she ought immediately to revolt. But, in balancing the advantages and disadvantages of such a measure, lies the difficulty of ascertaining the expedient. We are to consider the state of affairs before and after a revolution; and, estimating the inevitable horrors of such an event, see whether it would not be more for the happiness of Ireland to continue hand in hand with the sister kingdom than to wade through the blood of millions to a republican government, which, after all, might not be so advantageous to the country as a participation in the British constitution. Leaving out the intimidating example of republicanism in France, which may or may

not be a case in point, we must be aware that England would not patiently surrender her claim to our obedience; and that consequently Ireland would be subject to a protracted civil war, the misery of which may be partially estimated by those who have witnessed the trivial horrors of the late rebellion. Supposing our arms triumphant," he continued, "and the Government expelled, we are not to imagine that Irishmen are more virtuous than others, or expect that we should be free from the intrigues of faction. Domestic discord, in all probability, would succeed to civil war, and internal hostilities prove not less destructive than the arms of our enemies, while our folly might induce England, or some other power, to attempt a second reduction of the island."

"All this may be possible," replied Emmet, "but not at all probable; for, where the choice of public officers would devolve upon the people, these functionaries would have the confidence of the majority of the nation, and of course nothing more in a free state is desirable."

"Well, then," returned the traveller, "even admitting the possibility of an established republic, it follows, of course, that your new government would not have the resources of an old one; and that, in the infancy of the state, you would be subject to the inconvenience of all feeble nations—

that of being made the theatre of hostilities between the neighbouring and belligerent powers; and, of course, you would be reluctantly compelled to enter into an expensive and destructive war."

"Our insular situation," replied Emmet, "secures us from such an evil; and England, once separated from Ireland, could only hope to continue powerful by courting our alliance. 'If all possible objections,' says Johnson, 'are first to be obviated, no man would attempt anything great or useful.' Ireland is at present so abject and so miserable, that any change must be for the better."

"Pardon me, my friend," said the traveller, "if I say you appear to be under a strong delusion, which leaves you almost inaccessible to argument. Ireland wants not a change of circumstances, but a change of opinions, to be one of the happiest countries on the globe; for her political situation might well raise envy. While connected with Great Britain, war can never approach her; and an agricultural country wants only permanent tranquillity to be prosperous and happy. On this ground alone I would implore Ireland to hold fast the connexion: for, if she once separate, war will approach her fields as sure as her shores are washed by the waves of the Atlantic; and no form of government can compensate for making it the seat of hostilities."

The concluding observations of the traveller appeared to have convinced Emmet how useless it would be to persevere in his arguments, and therefore he diverted the conversation into an opposite channel. About twelve o'clock we took leave of the youthful Gracchus, and left him to meditate alone on his schemes of subverting the Irish Government

CHAPTER XIV.

POVERTY ALL OVER THE WORLD.

NEXT morning, while at breakfast, I received a visit from my young friend. He appeared somewhat embarrassed; and, after alluding to our conversation of the preceding night, intimated that he did not wish any person should be informed of his political opinions. "In fact," he said, "I am peculiarly situated. My connexions, my brother, and my own incautious conduct while at college, have subjected me to certain suspicions calculated to inconvenience me should the government hear of my being in the country."

"Then they do not know of it?" I inquired, with some surprise.

"Certainly not," he replied. "Some time ago I thought it prudent to visit France, and have

not long returned from Brussels. Business of a peculiar nature has brought me back for a short time; and, to avoid suspicion, I have been under the necessity of assuming another name—a thing I despise, but which circumstances have rendered absolutely necessary. The unfortunate are not to be judged by ordinary rules, and I hope you, sir, do not consider me less worthy of your friendship from the nature of my situation."

I replied in the negative.

"Then, I beg you will give me a proof of it by calling at my country house—lodgings, I mean—near Rathfarnham, on your way out of town. Your friend, Mr. Lambert, has promised, if you accompany him, to dine with me. Inquire for Mr. Ellis; our friend knows the house."

Having promised to dine with him, he took his departure; and, about three o'clock, the traveller and I set out for Rathfarnham. On our way I was astonished to see such a number of the poorer classes loitering about the doors of public-houses, or leaning over the battlements of every bridge we passed. "It is no wonder," said I to my friend, "that the Irish are miserable, since they are in such a want of employment."

"We must not confound the want of employment with the absence of employment; and, to prevent a confusion of ideas, let us call it

idleness, a word that clearly implies the condition of a portion of our population. Idleness is a relative term, and has various significations attached to it in different countries, and under different circumstances. In the East, to be free from toil is to be comparatively happy; and to be exempt from labour is everywhere desired, though not everywhere attainable; for it depends solely on the facility, or difficulty, which man has in procuring subsistence. The natural state of the body, if not death, as some have it, is certainly a kind of torpor which is averse to exertion, because every exertion is attended with a certain portion of pain, the dread of which is only overcome by the application of some excitement; and then the degree of activity depends upon the degree of stimulus that forces us into action, but when there is no stimulus there is no exertion. The merchant, when his desire for wealth is satisfied, flies from the bustle of business to the indolence of tranquillity; and the tradesman contemplates, as the reward of all his toils, ease and retirement. Even the poor labourer welcomes Sunday, because Sunday is a day of rest. So natural and so powerful is the wish of mankind to be exempt from laborious exertion, that he is universally accounted the happiest who has the least need of application to business, either bodily or mental."

This argument did not satisfy me, and I offered some objections to it.

"When first," said my companion, "I read the theories of philosophers, who never reflected—and the journals of travellers, who described what they had never seen—I was of opinion that it was possible for a high state of moral civilisation and good government to subdue this universal propensity of our nature, and make man enamoured of industry, merely for the sake of employment, independently of the hope of gain. The self-gratifying commendations of Englishmen, and the unthinking encomiums of those of my own country who had visited that land of manufactures, tended in no small degree to confirm this hasty conclusion. Filled with these sentiments, I had an exalted opinion of Englishmen and English civilisation; and when I, in early life, landed at Bristol, I could not imagine myself in a British city, it differed so much from what I had expected. Subsequently, my visit to London and residence in that metropolis convinced me that I had formed an erroneous estimate; for I found men such as they are found everywhere: some extremely rich, and others extremely poor; some very good, and some very vicious; but I never found one inclined to work who was not impelled by either present necessity or the distant hope of being one day able to remain idle."

"They work very hard in England," I observed.

"An Englishman," he said, "certainly works hard—perhaps, in some cases, harder than an Irishman. And why? Because, from the low price of labour and the high price of the necessaries of life, he toils for the most cruel of task-masters—Want. He has no alternative but unremittent labour or the workhouse; for a week's idleness would ruin a whole family. If you want the key to English industry, it is absolute necessity. Habit, perhaps, has made labour in that country less dreaded than in others; but circumstances have certainly made it more imperative than in any nation I have ever seen or read of."

"If employment," I interrupted, "can be always procured in such a quantity as to supply the poor man's wants, I should pronounce him comparatively happy, whatever may be the arguments of philosophers."

"That every man in England," replied the traveller, "who seeks employment, does not find it, must be evident, even to a stranger who reads the reports on the poor-laws. The magistrate has instructions to procure employment, and has power to compel the vagrant to work: yet every eighth labouring man in England is idle; and idle, because neither the influence of authority nor the dread of hunger can procure him employment. Pauperism

in England devours an annual sum that would be adequate to the maintenance of every agricultural labourer in Ireland in the common diet of the country; and we may form some idea of British misery by recollecting that the population of London, vast as it is, is not equal to the number of those who receive parochial relief in the country."

"Admitting this to be the case," said I, "it only shows the utility of those laws which relieve so much misery."

"It shows, my dear sir," returned my friend, "that misery is not excluded, though it be somewhat mitigated; and it shows how much happier Ireland is than England, always bearing in mind that the lower orders, in every country, form the nation."

"You cannot persuade me of this, for it shows no such thing. Warm clothing and good eating must have the advantage of cold and hunger, unless you can make us forego all our ideas of comfort and happiness."

"Mere animal happiness," replied the traveller, "consists in the gratification of desires; and, of course, must be the greatest where the smallest number of desires are excited, and the means of gratification most easily obtained. He that can exchange six months' labour for an annual supply of those necessaries he has learned to esteem,

and which he finds sufficient for all his wants, must be more happy than he who toils through the twelve months for a scanty portion of daily nutriment. And the difference must be still greater if the former labour under no apprehension, while the latter, like the guest of the tyrant, is in continual dread that what is always suspended over him may, at any hour, descend; for when the labour of the day is to supply its wants we must suppose that, where there is no employment, distress and its concomitants must prevail. These two cases," he continued, "exactly apply to England and Ireland. In the former a great portion of the labouring class is employed in manufactures, and is consequently subject to the fluctuations of trade. They live in continual uncertainty — an evil only surpassed by the stings of immediate want. Add to this, that custom has made animal food the necessary diet of all; and, by comparing the price of meat with the price of labour, we shall find that it must always be scanty."

"And is not this the case in Ireland?"

"No; in Ireland is found the reverse of this. The people are agriculturists, and agriculturists in a peculiar sense; for nearly every man has a farm; and, though the English monopolist may feel indignant at the prostitution

of the term, I must tell him that the Irish cottier's farm, whatever may be its size, supplies its owner with as much as he derives from his thousand acres—the means of subsistence, and probably as large a quantity of real enjoyment. Our peasantry, in which class may be comprised all our working people, are frequently idle, but seldom hungry. Potatoes are generally so abundant as to be converted often into manure; and, although the crop may fail in some counties, the deficiency is made up by the quantity in others. Common industry must place every man beyond the possibility of want; and, in fact, so little exertion is requisite for this purpose, that, like the bees in Hindostan, abundance has made the people indolently careless, while in some places they have neglected to make any provision for an approaching winter, when they have found the former one had passed off without causing any distress. The occasional sufferings of the peasantry, which are always local, have this last century originated in superabundance; for a year of extraordinary plenty has generally been succeeded by a year of privation. This is a fact which clearly shows that the principal evil to be complained of consists in the facility with which the necessaries of life are obtained."

"But you forget," said I, "that the food of the Irish peasant is nothing but potatoes, diversified with the occasional luxury of bacon and oatmeal."

"The palate," replied the traveller, "should never be allowed to decide upon what is fit for the stomach. Meat may be more grateful than potatoes and oatmeal, but it is not more wholesome, nor does it appear necessary for either promoting health or prolonging life — the two legitimate objects of all nourishment. The appearance and habits of the Irish peasantry declare that their simple diet is not only nutritive but satisfactory. Their athletic and active forms are a sufficient proof of the first, while their contented and cheerful countenances, as well as their full flow of animal spirits, sufficiently demonstrate the latter. The general complaint of the English projectors who have visited Ireland is the aversion of the peasantry to constant and regular labour—another proof, if proof be needed, that they are neither under the necessity of working hard nor dissatisfied with the common diet of the country; for, amongst all the stimulants that impel men to labour, the apprehension of want is the greatest. Whenever the peasantry feel this necessity they quickly forego their indolent habits, and, like all persons similarly circumstanced, apply themselves to industry; but the moment want, or the dread of it, ceases to influence them, they relax in their exertions, and prefer the luxury of Oriental indolence to toil badly remunerated. Among such a people

the absence of employment is far from being an evil."

"All your arguments would not be sufficient to deter an Englishman from ridiculing your habits, or induce him to dine on potatoes."

"The progress of events," replied the traveller, "is likely to compel him to both. 'In the last century,' says Paley, 'the diet of those who now live upon flesh was milk, fruits, and vegetables;' and, as this is the period Englishmen love to dwell on, is it not strange that they should reproach us for living now as their happy fathers did then? In nations where diet is simple and abundant the people are very happy."

We were now within view of Rathfarnham; and, turning up a secluded lane with hedges on each side, we knocked at the door of a respectable but solitary-looking house. We obtained immediate admission, and found our friend waiting for us in a room badly furnished. After dinner the conversation, as usual, took a political turn; and, while Emmet saw in every circumstance of the country nothing but indications of distress, the traveller would not admit that the want of manufactures, or the absence of the aristocracy, was an evil at all.

"According to your theory," said Emmet to the traveller, "tyranny and liberty approximate more closely than mankind have as yet imagined."

"I believe," replied the traveller, "that liberty and tyranny are phantoms of the imagination; or, if they ever had existence, their duration must have been very short, for no nation has ever been governed by them. All governments have been so modified as to be alike free from the agitations of unrestricted freedom and the sufferings of uncontrolled despotism; while every nation possesses some, no nation perfect, liberty; and the degree depends solely upon the circumstances, the happiness of society being the same under all these, because society moulds them to her purposes, as the banks are formed by the river; and, however rugged or smooth, narrow or expanded, the same quantity of water flows through, as much passing over the shallow as the deep parts of the channel. How few of all these ills which affect mankind 'kings can cause or cure!'"

After some further discussion Emmet observed, "I have heard you, Mr. Lambert, with pleasure, and admire the extent of your acquirements; but your arguments, so far from proving the absence of misery from Ireland, absolutely tend to show that it is permanent, by demonstrating that while we are subject to England we can neither have trade, manufacture, nor a resident aristocracy. You have argued relatively; but, in place of attributing our complaints, or rather the cause of

them, to a mistaken opinion, you should have charged them all to the absolute fact—foreign domination. That is the fountain of evil which irrigates the land with misery; and whoever should destroy the source from which it springs would deserve what he could not fail to obtain—the gratitude of the nation."

"Well!" returned the traveller, "you will have it as you wish; and, as the evening grows late, we must bid you good-bye." So saying, we arose and took our departure.

CHAPTER XV.

A PEASANT'S TALE—A REEL RENDEZVOUS.

THE county of Wicklow possesses so many beauties, so many cataracts, glens, hills, and dales, that it was impossible for one like me, who had lived only on poetry and romance, to feel anything like ennui during my sojourn at Castlerath. Independently of external objects, however, there were others of a social nature, perhaps of a more attractive kind; and, while I enjoyed the pleasure of daily rambles through the most bewitching scenery, I spent my evenings where there were the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." Elm-grove, the residence of Mr. Lambert, was not more than three miles from my uncle's castle; and, as Malachy was often from home on business, I paid frequent visits to the house of my new acquaintance. Miss

Lambert was beautiful. She was everything a man who could write a sonnet might love; and I had not been long in her society before I began to breathe thick and short, and betray other symptoms indicative of a mind diseased. In such cases young ladies are admirable physicians, at least in detecting the malady; and I flatter myself that Miss Lambert early knew the cause of my sighing, absence of mind, and languishing looks, that expressed everything, though they seemed to mean nothing. She sang for me some of the sweet wild melodies of her country; played Italian music for me on the piano, and took my arm when we walked in her father's garden. You may be sure my visits were long and frequent; and, indeed, had there been no such attraction, I should have availed myself of the traveller's conversation. He had seen and learned much; was full of anecdote; and deeply read in the history of mankind. One Sunday evening he was amusing us with some particulars of his adventures in the county of Wexford, in the year Ninety-eight. At the battle of New Ross he saved the life of a British officer, who would have been trampled to death had he not been conveyed to a place of safety by one of the armed peasants. His father was agreeably surprised, and said that the peasant resided near that place, and that his name was Howlan, the hero of

Oulard, upon which the traveller insisted on seeing him, and requested me to accompany him.

After walking about a mile, we came to a neat thatched cabin, situated in a very sequestered valley. A river ran before it, and a few aged trees shaded the simple roof. The door was open, and, on our entrance, a peasant rose to receive us. He smiled as he handed me a chair, and looked inquisitively at my companion.

"Don't you remember me?" inquired the traveller. "I know you; you are the man who, at my request, within the Bull gate, removed a British officer to a place of safety."

"O! thunder and ages," replied the peasant several times,—"is this yourself, your own four bones whole and sound after all? Well, well, I knew I should see you again, though I was certain you was dead; and many is the *Pater and Ave* I said for your soul. Did you not fight like any Roman for ould Ireland? and what else could a real true-born Catholic do? Troth, some of them didn't do as much, the *spalpeens,* or we wouldn't have now to begin again."

"So, so, Howlan," said the traveller, "you haven't yet learned to be loyal?"

"Loyal!" repeated the hero of Oulard; "no, in troth, for it is not in my *grain;* and faith, I believe if I was paid for it, these stripes on my

back would not let me. Oh, no, the crow will get white feathers before Denis Howlan will forgive the Orangemen—bad luck to 'em."

"I recollect," returned the traveller, "a part of your story; but the apprehensions I was under when I first heard it prevented me from attending to the whole. Was not your father murdered?"

"Murdhered!" repeated Howlan; "ay, murdhered over and over again; and wasn't I murdhered myself? But," he continued, "I'll just tell it all here to you both." Then, drawing his stool close to where we sat, he proceeded:—

"My father (Lord be marciful to his sowl in glory!) kept a snug little farm on the right-hand side of the road that goes from Gorey to Ferns; and, though I say it, there was not a more *sasty* man in the county of Wexford. I, myself, was the youngest of three sons and two daughters, and the devil a more genteeler family attended mass of a Sunday than Paddy Howlan's. My brothers were able strapping fellows; and, faith, there were worse boys in the parish than myself. You may be sure we were real *Croppies;* and why but we should for our religion and country?

"The winter before the rebellion the Yeo's* were out every night; and dreadful work they made of

* A contemptuous name for Yeomen.

it—burning, whipping, and shooting. A poor Catholic could not live at all at all; and, as we expected that they would some time or other give us a call, we hid our pikes and guns in the ditches, and, to be sure, appeared as innocent as lambs. I shall never forget the 15th of November; no, never, while there is a drop of Irish blood in my sowl; for, when I think of it, my brain boils, and my very flesh creeps, as if there was a blister all over me. Well, as I was saying, on the 15th of November I was coming home from Enniscorthy market; and, being after taking a glass of the *creature* with one friend or another, I was pretty merry, and, to make the road light, I was singing to myself '*The Victim of Tyranny!*' and the ould mare aself was so pleased with the tune, that she kept the track as straight as a die, though the night was as dark as pitch. Just as I came to the top of the *boughareen*† that led down to our house, a fellow seized my *beast* by the halter, and, while you'd be looking round you, a score of bayonets was ready to pop into poor Denis. 'Hallo!' said I, 'what's this?' 'You Popish rebel,' cried out the officer, for it was a party of the North Cork, 'what song is that you were singing?'

"'Och, nothing at all,' said I, 'only new words to an ould tune.'

†A small road.

"'Ah! then, said he, 'you shall soon sing another tune, unless you tell us of all the people you know to be United Irishmen.'

"'Faith, and that's what I can soon do,' says I, 'for I know nobody.' The word wasn't well out of my mouth, when he ran his sword into my arm, saying, 'That's a tickler to help your memory.' 'Thank your honour,' says I; 'but as you are not Yeo's, I hope you will act decent, and let a poor boy pass. My name is Howlan, and never did any man an injury.' 'Howlan!' cried the officer; 'you are the very man we want. Have you not two brothers?' 'Ay, and a father too,' I answered, quite calmly, though I was in a terrible pickle, with the blood streaming down my arm.'

"I was then bid to drive down to my father's house, and they all kept quite close to me. The family were all in bed; and I, foolish enough, called up my poor father, then seventy years of age, and my two brothers. They came out into the lawn in their shirts, for they were so frightened they forgot to put on their clothes; and, if they hadn't, they could not, for want of time.

"My father said he had no arms; and when he protested, which was the truth, that he was no United man, the sergeant knocked him down with a pistol, and some of the soldiers began kicking him while he lay on the ground.

My brothers, of course, (for what Christian would turn informer?) refused to confess anything; and, accordingly, the eldest was taken and tied to a car, and a drummer-boy proceeded to flog him at a desperate rate, while one of the party, to give him light, set fire to the barn. As the flames mounted up to the skies, I could see my poor brother's back, hackled into a raw griskin, while the poor fellow refused to gratify his murderers with a single groan. My mother rushed out, and, falling on her knees, beseeched the villains to forbear; but one of the soldiers gave her a kick in the stomach, and stretched her on the pavement."

Here I interrupted Howlan's horrible narrative by declaring my disbelief, thinking it impossible for any officer to permit such brutal conduct; but the traveller assured me that torture was then regularly resorted to for the purpose of extorting confessions; and, to remove all scepticism, and to show the extent to which party hatred was then carried, he related a disgusting anecdote of a young lady, the daughter of a magistrate, who, in the excess of her loyalty, actually stirred her wine with the fragment of a finger which had that day been separated by a blow of her father's sword from the hand of a rebel! Denis smiled at my incredulity, and proceeded.

"Knowing how soldiers then treated young girls, I made signs to my sisters, who had come to the door, to shut it, and remain inside. They did so before the soldiers could prevent them; and one of them, having seen what I had done, told the others, and in a minute there were a dozen stabs in my body. My eldest brother was then released, and the other tied up in his place; when my father, who had recovered, rushed forward, and seized the drummer's arm. Poor man! the savages had no pity on his tears, and he received several stabs."

Here Denis was overpowered with his feelings; and, after hastily wiping away one or two natural drops from his cheek, continued.

"I was now questioned about United men, and arms; and, as I also refused to make any discovery, they took and bound my hands behind me, and then, taking the halter from the mare's head, they placed it round my neck, and, raising the car up, hung me out by the back-band! They were too cruel to let me die a *natural* death, and so cut me down a few minutes afore I went to Paradise. I can't tell anything about that time, but my ould mother toul d me that my face was as black as a pot, and my tongue out a *bandle* long. The first thing I recollect after being hanged was to see the poor ould house in flames, the soldiers having set fire to

it, to get my sisters out; but they were disappointed, as the girls had made their escape while they were hanging me. To make a long story short," continued Denis, "my father, myself, and two brothers, were thrown into the cart, and marched off to Ferns. Next day my father died in the guard-house; and, after a week's confinement, my brothers and I were turned out, with pitch-caps upon our heads. We had now no house nor home; for, my father's life being the term of our lease, the landlord had seized on our little all, and so we went to sarvice, as did my sisters, my mother having died in a month after my father. My brothers were long before they recovered; and, for myself, I'll feel the effects of that bloody night to the day of my death."

Denis having concluded, the traveller exclaimed, "Horrible! most horrible! but the retaliation was also horrible."

I also expressed my horror, and put a couple of guineas into the hands of a little boy, who had run in before his mother.

The effect produced on me by the terrible narrative I had heard completely disqualified me for returning to Elm-grove; and, having begged of the traveller to apologise for my absence, I set off for Castlerath, Denis proposing to show me the way, as he had business on that road.

A particular instance of cruelty operates more powerfully upon the human mind than the most laboured description of an extensive massacre. The tale of this untutored peasant, told in his own vulgar, but expressive language, produced a painful interest in my feelings, while it excited my indignation to that degree of frenzy which made me instantly determine upon the Quixotic resolution of finding out the officer under whose command the family of Howlan had been tortured, and call him to an account, or, at least, expose him to the world. Filled with this extravagant notion, I inquired of Denis, as we walked along, where the North Cork were now stationed.

"Lord bless your honour," replied Denis, "there's not a man of them on the land o' the living, for I was at the killing of them all myself—and quick work we made of it—on Oulard Hill."

"Oh, I remember," said I, "Mr. Lambert spoke of your generalship there. How was that?"

"Why," replied Denis, "when I went to sarvice, my master lived in the very parish with Father Murphy, who,—God bless him! coming one day through Ferns, saw the Yeo's shooting poor Catholics like dogs, trying how many of them a musket-ball would go through at once; so in the evening he called his congregation together in the chapel. It was as dark as bags, and not a candle

lighted to show us the way to say our prayers. We were all as silent as death, and you could hear a pin drop on the floor while the priest was speaking. He tould us 'twas better die fighting for our religion and country than be butchered like sheep by the Orangemen. He said what was gospel; and faith we took his advice, and marched in fine order after him, and he in the middle of us, to Oulard Hill, where we encamped for the night. The Yeo's fled like murder at the sight of us, for they are the greatest cowards in the world, and sent the sogers to frighten us; but faith their day was passed, and, once we burnt the candle, we'd burn the inch. When the red coats appeared our faces were all manner of colours, and many proposed to run away. 'No, no,' says I, 'the priest and God is with us, and what have we to fear? Here is a ditch and gravel hole, and lie in them till the sogers come quite close, and, when I cry out, *Erin go Bragh*, let every man start up and use his pike.' My advice was taken, and Father Murphy blessed us all. The sogers came up, sure enough, with a fellow like a turkey cock strutting before 'em on his horse; and when they came quite near the ditch he went behind them, and we could hear the words, 'Ready, present, fire.' Pop, pop, pop, went their muskets; but faith I shouted out like a lion, *Erin go Bragh*, and

it would do your heart good to see what sport we had. They weren't a breakfast for us; and I had the pleasure, thank God! of sticking my pike into the rascally lieutenant who murdered myself and my father. You can read all this in any book you open, for it's everywhere printed."

I could not but commend Denis's generalship, and involuntarily wished that I had been at Oulard with him. "Oh, as for that," he replied, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught; and, by-the-by, you may kill a *hushion* (Hessian) for yourself." I expressed my ignorance of his meaning, and desired him to explain; at which he came to a full stop, and asked, "Aren't you one of ourselves?" This question was not less puzzling than his former inuendo; and when I requested of him to speak plain, and use no ambiguity, he stepped quickly on; and, shaking his head, observed, "Be aisy now, sir; you haven't lived so long at Castlerath without knowing what the boys are about. But I suppose it is bekase you haven't seen me at one of our meetings that you are shy at me; but, troth, you needn't."

It now struck me that seditious practices were going on in the country, and, from what I had heard and seen, no doubt remained but that Malachy and Emmet were, to say the least, deeply engaged in the conspiracy. The silence preserved

on the subject by my two friends appeared to me an unworthy reflection on my courage and love of liberty, and in the pique of the moment I resolved to show myself as ready as they were to stand forward against the oppressors of Ireland. Treason could not have approached me at a time more favourable: like Jaffier, circumstances had prepared me for the reception of seditious principles. The horrid history of Howlan's sufferings had made so deep an impression on me that I burned with the desire of being instrumental in relieving Ireland from such monstrous tyranny. I was, it is true, an Englishman by birth, but Ireland always had my affection; it was the land of my mother, and for it I felt a most ardent and proud attachment. That it was oppressed by a herd of local tyrants I could have no doubt; for I had heard Malachy relate his grievances, and I had listened to the tale of Howlan's wrongs. I was young, enthusiastic, and generous; somewhat ambitious of renown; and desirous of signalizing myself in some achievement that might preserve my name from oblivion. The opportunity, as I thought, now presented itself, and I willingly embraced it. I eagerly learned from Denis that the conspirators met in a valley not far from where we were, and that he was hastening to join them. I signified my readiness to accompany him; and,

as Denis was not a man of ceremony, he did not stand long upon punctilios, but immediately conducted me across a heathery and desolate hill towards the place of rendezvous.

The night had closed around us as we approached a mountain chasm; and, after scrambling through a rude aperture in a stupendous rock, we found ourselves in a kind of natural recess, formed by an amphitheatre of surrounding hills, whose overhanging acclivities frowned in gloomy horror upon the little valley. By the light of the stars we could discern some persons, who had entered before us, proceeding towards the opposite side, and we accordingly followed in their footsteps. We had not proceeded far when the voice of a person speaking fell upon our ears, and I had not to listen long before I recognised the deep but harmonious accents of my friend Emmet, as he addressed the people around him, who appeared to be about the number of five hundred. His harangue was on popular topics of Irish grievances, and he spoke with a fervency of manner that showed him sincere in the sentiments he uttered. When he concluded Malachy took his station, and proceeded to address the peasantry. I could not but observe in his speech superior ingenuity. Emmet was more eloquent, but less artful; more impassioned, but less logical. There was sincerity in every word

he uttered, and patriotism appeared to predominate in every measure he recommended, whilst humanity breathed throughout his discourse. But Malachy addressed himself directly to the passions, and so intimately blended religion with politics that his auditors could scarcely suppress the operation of their feelings; and, when he concluded, an involuntary burst of applause followed.

Denis, who had listened with the utmost attention to both of the speakers, now took me by the hand, and led me into the throng. Malachy exclaimed, "A spy!"

"A spy!" was re-echoed by a hundred voices, and in a moment the deferential awe of all present caused a circle to be formed around me, every man being eager to get as far as possible from what he considered the contagion of my presence.

The indignation I felt at Malachy's imputation for a moment deprived me of speech, and I felt as if rivetted to the place, when Emmet kindly stepped forward and took me by the hand.

"My friends," said he, "there is some mistake. Mr. Herbert is a young man of liberal principles, and with high notions of honour, and I am certain that he is incapable of betraying our secret, much less acting as a spy upon our proceedings."

"You do me but justice," I replied, "for I came

here this night to learn if your cause was such as required or deserved the assistance of a freeman's arm, and not basely to betray my countrymen, for I trust those that surround me will not refuse me the fraternal embrace because I was born in England; but my mother, at least, was Irish."

This remark elicited much applause, and I proceeded: "I trust that the person who has imputed such a base motive to my presence here has mistaken me"—

"You are right, Godfrey," interrupted Malachy, with the utmost familiarity; "I did indeed mistake you for another person."

"I thought as much," said Emmet; "and let us now rejoice that our cause, the noblest in which man was ever engaged, has received the acquisition of a pure spirit, who feels indignant at our wrongs, and who burns to avenge them."

Harmony being thus restored, the meeting, after some desultory proceedings, dispersed, and Emmet, Malachy, and I, proceeded to Castlerath. The arguments of my enthusiastic young friend during the evening served to make me enamoured of his ideal republic, which he painted in all the rich colours of his vivid and discursive fancy. For the first time in my life I retired to rest with the sin of disloyalty on my soul.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FUGITIVE.

We had a pleasant dinner party next day at the Castle. Mr. Lambert and his son were both present. My uncle, being in a right good humour, reminded the traveller that he had not yet detailed the story of his exile.

"Then," said the traveller, "I will tell it to you now."

"My first impulse on separating myself from Father Roach was to hasten towards the residence of my uncle at Baldwinstown. A couple of hours enabled me to accomplish this journey; but though the time was brief, a world of reflection, of regret, and of hope ran through my mind, as if an age had passed. My uncle and cousin, as might be expected, were astonished to see me; but when I related

the cause of my presence they were filled with evident dismay."

"The country," said my uncle, "is full of terror. The boys in Wexford have been committing horrible murders—for, between ourselves, they were nothing else. The army is now encroaching upon them. General Lake may be there in a day or two; and General Moore co-operating, blood will flow in streams in the streets."

"What then is to be done?" I asked.

"To stop here would be ruin," replied my uncle. "Your best plan will be to make your escape to England or France as speedily as possible."

"How am I to go?" I inquired.

"There is some possibility of your getting to France," said my uncle.

"How?"

"Down at Kilmore there is a colony of fishermen—nominally fishermen, but in reality smugglers. I know them all, for I have often bought brandy and fish of them; and it is very possible that some of these may be induced to run their boat with you to England, or perhaps to France. I am not a judge of the distance, so I think we had better go down to inquire."

I agreed to this very natural suggestion, and we set out on foot to Kilmore. It was only a couple of miles distant, and half-an-hour brought us to the

seaside. We had no difficulty in obtaining the information we required. England could easily be reached in a day and a night. "But then," I said, "when I go to England what will become of me there?"

My uncle shook his head doubtingly.

"I should like," I said, "to go to France."

"Very distant," said the fisherman. "It would take two or three days to run a boat there; but there is one now in the bay of considerable size and of great capacity for sailing, and the captain might be induced for money to take you there."

"How much money?" asked my uncle.

"Well," he said, "I think thirty pounds would do it."

"Very well," replied my uncle; "let me see the captain."

The captain, a gruff, resolute-looking fellow, seeming more French than Irish, and very decisive in his manner, soon appeared. Turning to me he said:

"If you want to go to France, now is your time. I start immediately; but I must be paid for the danger."

"Certainly," said my uncle. "How much?"

"Thirty pounds," replied the captain.

"Agreed."

That night we set sail. The next day was fine,

but we were not free from apprehension. Naturally enough I saw an enemy in every sail; but the skipper, on seeing my anxiety, ever and anon silenced my alarm by informing me what ports these ships represented, and we sailed on. The second day the wind rose; and on the third it became a hurricane. The skipper was alarmed, and I regarded myself as all but lost. There was not, however, much time for speculating upon the matter, for the little boat became somewhat unmanageable, and the skipper said, "There is only one chance for us: we must run before the wind." Before the wind we did run, and as we proceeded, on the fourth, day a vessel appeared in the offing, and was soon down upon us. "She is a Frenchman," said the skipper. My heart was lightened. The Frenchman hailed us, and the skipper neared her. In a few minutes an officer of the vessel inquired in French where we were going. "To France," was the skipper's reply.

"Who is that stranger with you?" he asked.

"An Irishman," was my answer.

"An Irishman?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And where are you going?"

"I am going," I replied, "to join the French army, if it will accept my services."

"I suspect," said the officer, "it does not want

recruits like you. You look more like a spy. Come on board."

I was soon on board; but the skipper, before leaving, said, "I want the thirty pounds."

"My uncle," I replied, "will pay you."

"Good," said he; and then shoved off.

In a few minutes the captain of the vessel became communicative.

"What are you coming here for?" he asked.

"I am proceeding," I replied, "to some place for safety."

"For safety?"

"Yes. I have been engaged with the Insurgents at New Ross, and we have been defeated. Our cause is lost. I am seeking safety, and am anxious to join the French army."

"Ah, ah!" he said, "there may be something in that; but there may be something in the other thing, too. This may be all deception. Have you any proof of the statement?"

"None whatever," I answered.

"You are not wounded," he asked.

"No," I replied.

"Have you any documents?"

"No."

"We shall soon see," he remarked. "Call up one of the stewards," he said to one of the men, "and we will commence a search."

On searching me he pulled out of my pocket a piece of paper. It was the proclamation of General Harvey before the battle of New Ross; and the captain, being unable to read English, commanded me to translate it, which I did very correctly; for, as Malachy knows, he and I learned a tolerable amount of French from Abbé Darie, at Dundrum.

"Well," said the captain, "there is something in it. What you say may be perfectly correct; but I will soon have an opportunity of regarding you, either as an enemy or a friend."

The French fleet I believed had not yet sailed from Toulouse, and I hoped to be there before it started; but the fleet it seems had just left, and we had to continue our course in pursuit. The expedition, it is well known, stopped at Malta, very foolishly, for Nelson had at that time nearly refitted himself, and was in pursuit. Ignorant of this fact, we continued our course for Egypt, but soon sighted in the distance the French fleet on its way. In two hours we were in the midst of the French ships, and, on an officer coming on board, I was placed in a boat and conveyed to one of the vessels, where questions similar to those put to me by the French captain were repeated. General Harvey's proclamation, I found, had been conveyed to the commander, and after some time I was

summoned to the presence of a distinguished officer. He was a small man,—but it is unnecessary to describe his person. It was Buonaparte.

"You are," he said, "a soldier?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I am not a soldier."

"What! not a soldier? This proclamation bears the signature of General Harvey."

"He was," I said, "a general in the Insurgent camp."

"Oh! he was an Insurgent, and you were one of his officers?"

"I had that honour," I replied.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that General Harvey was a civilian?"

"Nothing more," I answered.

"And you were also a civilian?"

"Nothing more."

"Whom did General Harvey command?" he further inquired.

"What we called the Rebel army."

"Peasants?" he asked.

"Precisely," I said.

"And, of course, you were defeated?"

"We were," I said.

"With great slaughter?"

"Not great slaughter," I replied.

"You ran away?"

"Every man of us," I said.

"How long did the battle last?" he further inquired.

"There were two battles," I answered. "At the first we drove the soldiers out of the town across a wooden bridge; and at the second they returned and drove us out."

"You were peasants," he said, "and they were military. When peasants and military meet, the peasants are quickly dispersed. I have heard," he continued, "something of this Irish insurrection —at least of the preparations for it. You have heard of O'Connor, one of the chief rebels?"

"I have seen him," I replied.

"And of Emmet?"

"I knew him," was my answer.

"These gentlemen and others," he said, "waited upon me"———

I here bowed my head, and observed, "Sir, I was not aware that I was in the presence of General Buonaparte."

"Never mind that. These gentlemen waited upon me, and invited me to invade Ireland. Probably I would have acceded to their wish, but their statements seemed very vague and uncertain, and they were also at variance with each other. They were Protestants, they told me, and the insurrection was to be got

up by the Protestants. The Roman Catholics were opposed to the movement, and were to have no participation in it. This was very proper; all sensible men will oppose rebellion. History is the same thing in all ages in the world; and, naturally enough, it was the same thing, the other day, in Ireland. Sir, I believe your statements. You shall have employment in the French service, but in the meantime you will have to acquire military knowledge. You will have to learn drill, and you will have to put on a uniform." Addressing one of the officers, he said, "Take this gentleman to Denon: he may be more useful in his department than in mine."

In almost a moment I was introduced to the gentleman alluded to, so famous in science. He was excessively kind, and at once handed me over to the care of one of his subordinates. In a short time I was at home. The next day I was ushered into the presence of the General. He was very precise in his inquiries about Ireland, and about everything in it, and about the people. "Fine soldiers," he said, "but uncommonly pious. Their piety stands in the way to independence; but by-and-by they will get rid of that, as the French have done." He then dismissed me, and I returned to the department appointed—to the scientific staff.

On landing in Egypt I continued on the staff,

but was told that I might be useful—and must make myself so—as an interpreter in the event of an introduction to Englishmen, or of our coming in contact with Englishmen, for there were, no doubt, a number of English traders in Alexandria. I of course promised to be useful, and soon learned to appreciate the urbanity, politeness, and knowledge of the gentlemen amongst whom I was placed. They were men of great learning, of large ideas, and of extensive knowledge, free from every kind of prejudice, and devoted to experiments. During the four days of our voyage I had learned to respect and admire them. On landing, apartments were provided for the staff, and I was placed among them. I learned very soon to make myself familiar with all around me, and flattered myself that I inspired respect. You all know that an engagement with the Mamelukes followed soon after our arrival; and as very few of the scientific staff had been in the army, I, with others, obtained permission to accompany the non-military portion of those who desired to see a battle. On our setting out we were told that we would be used in the event of our services being required. I hoped to have been useful, and longed ardently to see a real battle. I saw one, for I was present at the battle of the Pyramids; and had the honour, if I may call it such, of carrying a despatch to the General himself, who

was too busy and too anxious to recognise me; and I returned, fortunately, unhurt. The battle proceeded. The history of it is written better than I can describe it, and no doubt you have all read the French narrative and the English one.

After the battle the scientific staff had a great deal of work, and I had much to do in one way or another. The General was constantly with us. He conversed with our chiefs, and explained the kind of government he intended to establish in Egypt. Various opinions prevailed in the staff, and they were freely communicated among each other. One opinion was that Napoleon intended to take possession of Egypt for himself. Another was, that in order to do this he would reconcile himself to the Mahomedans by becoming a Mahomedan. There was little doubt that something like that intention had entered his mind. He had no particular religion whatever. Christianity he described as operating by terror, Mahomedanism by promise; and evidently he preferred the promise to the fears. The Christian can never get rid of his early impressions. Napoleon himself never did, notwithstanding his avowed indifference. A great number of the staff were really religious, and in their conversation with each other they took some pains to reconcile Christianity to science.

Nelson was now near to the coast, and the

battle of the Nile commenced. It ended, as you all know, in the destruction of the French fleet. Napoleon did not conceal the peculiarity of his position, and laboured very hard to reconcile the Egyptians, not only to his presence, but to his government and administration, both so well directed as to ensure their attachment. Their attachment, however, was only "lip deep." It was a sham, for in a very short time an enemy appeared on the frontier of Syria. An expedition was projected for the purpose of putting down this enemy, and some of the staff and myself were appointed to accompany the troops. We had a very narrow escape, and the troops also had a very narrow escape, but the enemy was utterly defeated. We brought with us to the French Academy which had then been formed in Cairo some evidences of the present and past state of the country. Naturally enough Napoleon continued in deep thought and in great anxiety for his position, which he attempted to strengthen by conciliating the Mahomedans. It was a failure. A conspiracy in Cairo was got up against him, and some of the generals he most loved were butchered. He retaliated, and the slaughter in the Mosque followed.

There was a look-out daily for French ships, but none appeared. Efforts were made to obtain news indirectly beyond Egypt, but without success. The Porte had despatched troops to

attack us, and we had all to cross the desert. It was a dreadful journey. Fatigue, thirst, disease, and ever and anon suicides, marked our progress. Napoleon, however, was equal to the occasion. The Porte's troops were defeated. Pestilence had broken out at Jaffa, and the conduct of Napoleon on that occasion needed something more than an apology; but all the secrets of the affair are not yet known. To the astonishment of the French army, Napoleon resolved to sail for France. Fortunately, in all probability, for me, the staff accompanied him, and during the voyage I was occasionally amongst those who heard his remarks and listened to his pregnant inquiries.

At school, Malachy, you know, that I was very fond of science so far as I could ascertain its nature. In history you and I learned all we could, though that was not much; but both of us had an appetite for knowledge. This appetite was gratified and encouraged during the run to France. Danger was never absent from the General's mind during the voyage; but in due time we landed, and I found myself in Paris. The members of the scientific staff were at home in the capital. They were very kind to me, and I owed much to their kindness; but, as Dr. Johnson observed, there is no amusement in the anecdotes of beggary; and I was poor enough.

"Poor fellow!" interrupted my uncle.

"I was not exactly hungry," continued the narrator, "but I had often to put up with a very hard crust. I lived by giving lessons in English in French schools and to French pupils, and as I had access to all the libraries, I had nothing to do but to study. Reading was relief to me—memory a pain. I thought of home with a sigh. Everyone I had left in Ireland was ever present to my mind. If I could have painted, I would have drawn their likenesses; but as I heard nothing of them, and could obtain no knwledge of them, or any assistance in money, I had to live on as best I could, and the best was not a thing which implied indulgence in luxuries. My avocations as a teacher brought me into contact with many influential people. Intercommunication had given me perfect mastery of the French language; and I may say, without vanity, that most things known to the French were tolerably well known to me. In the libraries were English works. English history was there, Poetry and English ethics were also there; and I may illustrate the old adage that 'poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.' Poverty made me acquainted with all that Englishmen or Frenchmen knew. Still I longed for home. I longed to breathe the pure air on Wicklow hills. I wanted to embrace those who, though distant, had increased my love and veneration,

and I was not, you may be assured, displeased when I heard of a prospect of peace."

Full of pleasant anticipations, I took a stroll in the garden of the Tuileries, and after sauntering up and down a gentleman passed me, looked at me, and walked on. He, however, soon returned, looked at me again, stopped suddenly, and begged pardon for inquiring if I were an Englishman.

My reply was in the negative.

"Then you are an Irishman?" he said.

"I am," I replied.

"Do you know me?"

"I have, sir, no knowledge whatever of you."

"If I am not," he said, "greatly mistaken, I know you. Were you ever in New Ross?"

"I was there at a battle two or three years ago," I replied.

"Do you remember that inside of what they called the Three Bullet Gate an officer's horse was shot under him, himself wounded, and both fell to the ground?"

"I remember."

"I am that officer, and you saved my life. There were a dozen pikes at my breast when you interposed, and had me conveyed to a house opposite."

"Your memory, sir," I said, "is very precise, and permit me to say that I am rejoiced to see that you are alive and well."

"Alive and well," he repeated; "and I owe both to you. Permit me to offer to you, in this city, such small services as are within my power."

"I know not," I replied, "how you can serve me. I have some friends here. I have many friends in Ireland, and I long for an opportunity to communicate with them."

"I am delighted," he said quickly, "to afford you that opportunity. I am here in the suite of Lord Cornwallis, who has come over to negotiate a peace with the First Consul."

"I am glad of it, sir," I observed, "for many reasons; certainly for the benefits which peace would confer upon me;" and, after a pause, I added, "I don't know if that would be of any use to me."

"Why not?" he asked.

"You are aware," I replied, "that I was a rebel. I am proscribed. A price has been set upon my head, and of course I dare not return to Ireland."

"Does the price," he inquired, "refer to anything more flagrant than your conduct at New Ross?"

"Nothing more," I answered.

"Then, sir," he said, "I flatter myself that I can render you a service—one which it seems you would consider very important. I am no longer in the army. I am, without boasting, in a position

that I will undertake to procure you a free pardon."

"I dare not," I replied, "doubt your word; but, as we say in Ireland, news is doubtful which seems to be too good to be true."

"Trust me." I am at loose now, as his lordship has gone out of town. Will you dine with me at the *Café dè Buonaparte;* but perhaps you would prefer that I should go with you to your chambers?"

"The hotel," I replied, smiling, "is better furnished than my apartments."

"Then," he said, "at four o'clock inquire for Sir George ——."

The whole thing was such a surprise—the conversation was so abrupt and so short, that, without hesitating to doubt what I had heard, I was not, I confess, quite assured.

At the appointed time, however, I was at the hotel, where I enjoyed a delightful dinner with my new friend, and had great pleasure in answering all his inquiries as to my interviews with Napoleon and my mode of living in Paris. When I was about to retire, he approached me, saying, "don't be offended—you are not rich—I am; and therefore permit me to be your banker while you stay in Paris."

I was full of gratitude, but I declined the offer, assuring Sir George that I was not without

sufficient funds, and that the moment I could communicate with my father I should be placed beyond the neccessity of being his debtor."

"Very well," he said. "In a few days I am to be sent with despatches to the Home Office. Will you accompany me?

"You forget," I replied, "that I am a proscribed rebel."

"Pooh, pooh;" he said, "come with me—I will soon make that right."

He took my hand and pressed it warmly, and I responded with equal warmth. In three days we were in Pall-mall.

"The Home Office," he said, "is not far from here, and I intend taking you there."

I stopped suddenly, and a thought shot across my mind. It was a horrible one. I was in the presence of a stranger, and he might betray me? Such thoughts as these presented themselves before me; but my new friend, on seeing the emotion under which I was labouring, told me not to fear, and said, "I have profited by your kindness, and you shall now profit by mine."

In about two minutes afterwards we reached the Home Office, where I soon discovered that I had no difficulty in obtaining a free pardon. We dined together in the evening at the hotel, and the next morning he bade me farewell. I had, like

other young men, indulged in a strong desire to see the British metropolis. I was now in it. The city was before me where to choose. A letter from my father containing what I confessed was very agreeable—an adequate remittance—determined me to prolong my stay. I visited all the sights—I saw all the lions; but what delighted me most, I confess, were the public libraries, to all of which, without difficulty, I obtained admission. Sight and curiosity having been to some extent satiated, I resolved, in the course of a year, to return home, and here I am. You know the remainder, and I beg you will not suppose for a moment that I have been making more of events than the events themselves warranted. I am no hero, I performed no wonders; I passed through many dangers and difficulties, and I have acquired, I hope, some wisdom. I have told you a brief tale of adventures, not one of which was voluntary; and if I am not a wiser and a better man, I am now a happy man, breathing the air of my native land, and once more enjoying the society of those I love.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISIT TO A SHIBBEEN HOUSE.—A RESCUE.

THE same advice has very different effects when given by different people. Had Emmet endeavoured to dissuade me from engaging in his wild scheme, I should not perhaps have had any hesitation in complying with his counsel; but when Malachy recommended me to have nothing to do with insurrections, I spurned his advice, because I thought it given from a sinister motive, for some recent events had sunk my cousin considerably in my estimation. He evinced, however, his usual kindness; and, an evening or two after, it being a holiday, inquired if I would not wish to witness a convivial meeting of the peasantry at one of their shibbeens. I replied in the affirmative; and accordingly we set off together. The night had closed around us as we entered a rude cabin situated

on the mountain side. The wig-wam consisted of a single apartment, which was filled with boisterous mountaineers, and their wives and children, drinking beer out of a variety of vessels, such as wooden noggins, earthen pitchers, &c., and one humorous-looking fellow now and then raised to his head a metal skillet, which contained what he called "mountain dew." This promiscuous company arose at our entrance, and a hundred vessels were extended towards Malachy, all present requesting the honour of drinking with him. With the address of a man accustomed to such a scene, he took one cup, and, having touched all their measures, he bowed, and raised it to his head; after which the piper in the corner struck up an Irish air, which I understood was in praise of my uncle's ancestors.

The best seat in the house was appropriated to our use, and our "mountain dew" was brought to us in a clean white jug. I have seldom looked—let the moralist and divine say what they may—upon a more interesting scene than the happy group presented. Here were the cheerful sons of toil, unbending themselves over a wholesome and nutritious beverage, which was shared with those who made labour light and home delightful; the "loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind" showed the absence of intrusive care; while the ready

song and homely anecdote evinced an unnanimous desire of contributing to the general fund of pleasure. Our peasantry want that buoyancy of spirit, drollery, and piquant humour of the Irish, to give character to such a scene. Beside, they are deficient in those social habits which so frequently bring together the thoughtless sons of the Emerald Isle, who know no selfish happiness, being, on all joyous occasions, found congregated together.

Having laughed for an hour at the fun and humour of the assembly before us, I proposed to Malachy to retire; but he looked carefully at his watch, and said it was yet time enough.

"You have not," he added, "heard an Irish song. The bag-pipes have apparently delighted you, but I don't know whether you would understand an Irish song. I see here, however, a celebrated vocalist, and I will ask him if he will sing an English song for you. Jemmy O'Farrall," said Malachy to the vocalist, "will you sing an English song for my friend?"

"Faith and sure I will," he replied, and he instantly began the well-known rebel song of the day:—

"I had a tyrant landlord base,
Who saw my heart to Erin yearned;
Ev'n with the ground my cot did rase,
And fired my substance dearly earned.

Unmoved, remorseless, now he sees
My cottage falling, as it burns ;
My wife for mercy on her knees;
From her with ruthless frown he turns."

And he added, amidst groans and noises—

"Hell or Connaught ! die thou papist—
Drench this orange in thy gore ;
For though a Christian voice thou apest,
Think of mercy now no more !"

While the vocalist was proceeding, Malachy went out, and in less than three minutes there was a cry of, "Yeomanry!" A friendly hand pulled me into the chimney corner, from which I could, with the utmost security, observe all that passed. The women and children screamed vehemently, but the men seemed but little alarmed ; and, as if accustomed to such events, they proceeded, with as much deliberation as circumstances would admit, to arm themselves with forms, pots, pitchers, and every other moveable article in the house. In an instant a party of the yeomen rushed in, with fixed bayonets, and were received with a discharge of stools and other missiles. The confusion soon became general, and apparently a desperate engagement took place. The peasants systematically supported each other, and soon proved superior to their assailants. The yeomen were overpowered ; and every individual, except my unknown preserver and myself, escaped.

"Your name, sir?" demanded one of the yeomanry, coming up to me, and dragging me out of the corner.

"Herbert," I replied.

"You are the man we want," he rejoined, calling in the sergeant, who immediately made me prisoner.

My unknown friend was also taken into custody; and, though we frequently demanded the cause of our detention, we received no reply but the very unsatisfactory one, that we should know time enough. A cord was now produced, and the left hand of my fellow-prisoner was tied to my right; and, in that situation, we were marched off in the midst of the party, who signified their triumph by a loud "Huzza!" In vain I protested against such unworthy treatment; and when I threatened to bring the matter before a tribunal of the country I was answered only by a sneer. Perceiving that all remonstrance was useless, I complied with the advice of my companion, and continued silent for the remainder of the journey.

As we proceeded I had leisure to reflect upon my situation; but not knowing either the charge against me or the place to which I was going, all conjectures respecting the issue of the affair were unsatisfactory. Once, and but once, it crossed my mind that Malachy's conduct appeared strange; and it was barely possible that he might

have been the cause of my apprehension; a supposition which his going out at so critical a time seemed to strengthen. But that might have been merely accidental; and, as I knew of no possible good which he could derive from my distress, I dismissed the unworthy suspicion from my mind, and attributed the whole to some unfortunate mistake.

Having continued in a smart walk for about half an hour, we entered a large gateway, and were proceeding along an avenue shaded with lofty trees, when a tremendous yell, as if from a horde of North American savages, assailed our ears.

"It is Dwyre!" exclaimed a yeoman; and, as if panic-struck, they betook themselves to flight.

"I knew that," said my companion, quite coolly; but, before I could inquire his meaning, I was seized by a dozen mountaineers, and borne on their shoulders to the top of a neighbouring mountain. In a moment I was surrounded by a hundred of the fierce peasantry; and a person, apparently of consequence, pushed through the dense circle of my deliverers, and seized my hand: it was Malachy. At such a moment the presence of a friend was most grateful; and, though I could not approve of the unadvised conduct of those around me, yet, as the action must have sprung from some mistaken

sympathy, I could not withhold my gratitude. Malachy's embrace I warmly returned; and, without entering into any explanation, we proceeded across the hills.

"The moon unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the mountains her silvery mantle threw."

The distant falling waters and the barking of several dogs disturbed the otherwise monotonous stillness of the night. The mountain breeze, with its refreshing influence, stimulated our progress, and as we approached the Castle I began to feel rather surprised at what Malachy had done, and I enquired of him what was the matter.

"You are," he replied, "somewhat astonished. Well, I will relieve you now by telling you the whole truth. I wanted to show you a bit of Irish drama unprovised. The whole scene that you witnessed was not a baseless fabric, but was one got up by me—first, to amuse you, but I am afraid it did not; second, to show you in what command I have the people around these districts."

"I was indeed surprised," I said, "but having turned all the incidents of the last day or two over, I readily admit that the whole thing was got up for my edification."

Malachy rose in my esteem; still ever and anon doubt obtruded, and I expressed my regret that one of the party knew my name.

"No harm in that," said Malachy, "but if you are at all alarmed, you had better go to Dublin or perhaps return home."

"Conscience makes cowards of us all!" I had as yet sinned only in thought, but even that deterred me from acting openly. I took Malachy's advice.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A REBEL DEPOT.

NEXT morning I proceeded to Dublin. I did not meet my friend Emmet until about eight o'clock in the evening. At that hour he was on his way to one of his depôts, and I accompanied him.

In a back house, recommended by its secluded and uninviting situation, were about a dozen men at work; some busy making cartridges, while others were casting bullets; some fabricating rockets, and others making pikes. The heaps of muskets and other warlike weapons scattered around served to inspire a feeling of awe in the gloomy mansion of incipient treason, singularly contrasting with the thoughtless levity depicted upon the half-intoxicated countenances of those engaged in preparing the instruments of death.

My friend, on seeing all safe, could not conceal

his satisfaction; and, having distributed some money amongst the men, he dismissed them. As they withdrew he bolted the door, and, throwing himself upon a rude seat, seemed lost in the intensity of his feelings. I was not less serious; for the workmen, the arms, and the gloom of the place, had deeply affected my spirits, and brought upon my mind a desponding impression, not unmixed with sensations of fear.

"My friend," said Emmet, after a silence of several minutes, "how ungrateful are mankind! how thoughtless are nations! The philosopher is neglected, and the patriot unhonoured; yet, without knowledge and liberty, how valueless are all the possessions of man! How little do those who profit by wisdom, or glory in the possession of freedom, know of the student's privations or the conspirator's danger! and, without study and treason, how few could be either wise or free? Nations exult in the enjoyment of their rights, but too often forget those to whom they are indebted for the blessing. Englishmen continually boast of their liberty, yet to how many Britons are the names of Sydney and Hampden as vague as those of William Tell and Junius Brutus! The sound is familiar, but it scarcely raises a single association."

"The hope of applause," I replied, "though it

may stimulate our exertions, should never be allowed to direct our actions; and he that is honoured by the discerning may readily dispense with the plaudits of the vulgar."

"True," he returned; "but those who benefit mankind may at least expect gratitude; and, if the danger encountered by the patriot may be allowed to enhance the debt, I know of none who has so large a demand as the conspirator, whose object is universal good. After once he imparts his schemes to others, he lives in continual apprehension; every stranger is an object of suspicion; every incident is pregnant with danger. The mistakes of his friends may ruin him, and a concealed enemy may lurk amongst his associates; for, as his designs require numerous abettors, it is very difficult to select many men without including some traitor; and one informer is sufficient to blast all his hopes—as a single spark will cause the explosion of the largest powder magazine. I have latterly felt so acutely the uncertainty of my situation, that I am determined to hasten the event of our plan; for any conclusion would be preferable to protracted suspense."

"I know not," I said, "whether it is desirable to persist in your scheme; for the reasoning of our friend, the traveller, never appeared to me so rational as since I entered this depôt of rebellion.

A thousand thoughts start up in my mind, which I can neither allay nor satisfactorily account for. These scattered instruments of destruction proclaim that, in the event of an insurrection, numbers must die; but how many are to taste the bitterness of death defies human calculation. Ourselves, too, may be among the fallen; and, what is more, our cause may be unsuccessful."

"All these," interrupted Emmet, "depend upon events and circumstances, about which we can know nothing positive; 'tis for us only to ascertain the probability of success, and to persevere in the course which honour and duty point out. Enough for us to know that Ireland requires the standard of revolt to be raised by some one; and that neither defeat nor triumph can add to nor diminish our consciousness of rectitude. Impediments may crowd the long perspective before us; but beyond these are glory, honours, and immortality—rewards for obtaining which no sacrifice is too great—no enterprise too dangerous. Let not," he continued, "my apprehensions, too carelessly expressed, damp the ardour of your soul; for the reasons which first induced you to embark in this best of causes are the same now as then, whatever arguments you may have heard to the contrary. We are young and unencumbered; defeat can neither distress our friends nor ruin ourselves; for what have we

to lose but life? and life is held by so uncertain a tenure, that a thousand daily accidents may deprive us of it; and that too so suddenly and so soon as to leave our memory without any accompanying deed to keep it afloat on the stream of time. Admitting for an instant that we shall (which Heaven forbid!) be unsuccessful, think not that our endeavours will be forgotten, or that our country will cease to remember us. No, my friend, the tyrant laws may condemn us, and tyrant authority asperse and vilify our characters; but rely on it that Irishmen shall reverence the names of Herbert and Emmet while patriotism has admirers, or Ireland a friend. Our country has never been ungrateful; and so few have been her benefactors, that she is prodigal of thanks for even dubious favours. Of us she can have but one opinion; for ingenious enmity cannot attribute any but laudable motives to our designs. For Ireland I will spend my private fortune; and for Ireland I shall, please God, venture my life. Kosciusko is a name as beloved in Poland as that of Washington in America. But reverse this gloomy picture," he proceeded, "and look—as humanity should ever look—upon the bright side of things; for defeat does not always terminate daring enterprises. Reflect upon the consequences of success; our enemies vanquished, our arms

triumphant, and Ireland free! Our names associated with the liberators of nations, and ourselves overwhelmed with the grateful benedictions of an emancipated people! Our youth will increase the general wonder; and the means by which we shall achieve such illustrious actions will augment the pleasing amazement. Add to this the exalted stations we shall occupy, and the joyful approbation of our own bosoms; and tell me, is not our present situation, taking all things into account, one that might well be envied? Defeat cannot deprive us of honour, nor death of glory; while success, if obtained, has in store for us all those rewards which ever graced the most fortunate of mankind. 'Opportunities for great actions,' says the moralist, 'occur but seldom;' and surely he ill deserves honour who lets the opportunity pass when it presents itself. Glory has found us, and let us embrace her; the tide of our affairs is at the flood, and let us embark upon the waves of fortune. We are well attended, and Heaven seems propitious. A thousand years may pass, and a more favourable moment may not again occur. What! still thoughtful! Oh, I see Miss Lambert has whispered something into your ear which has operated unfavourably upon your mind. Well, I can excuse you; for a being of such perfect loveliness might well disturb a hermit's prayer

though I will not allow her to divert a patriot's purpose."

"Then," said I, "you will not pardon love in a conspirator."

"I can not only pardon it," he replied, "but sincerely trust that the tender passion may be always blended with the *amour patriæ;* for he that anticipates the commendation of a beloved mistress can never act dishonourably. My friend," he continued, rising, and taking me by the hand, "I, too, have one, whose praise I wish to merit, and whose exaltation, next to my country, is the first wish of my heart. She is kind, she is lovely, and Heaven only knows how good!"—

"And yet," I interrupted, "you will fling away this jewel, without having the untutored Indian's apology, for you know its value."

"I know its value," he rejoined, "and, because I know it, I wish to place it where its worth may be appreciated. The stagnant vale of inglorious ease is for those domestic enamoured souls who are content to pass a life of inactive worthlessness, and who wish to enjoy affection without having merited love. Mine is a higher ambition; I must make myself worthy of the woman of my choice; and the glory which sheds its lustre on the husband shall reflect its splendour on the wife. Heaven forbid that an excusable passion should

thwart the great design of my life, or cause me, for an instant, to neglect my country's good for the purpose of promoting my own personal advantage. What earthly possession could equal the glory of having freed Ireland from foreign domination? and, though failure might partially obstruct its rays, we never can be deprived of the consciousness of having deserved it."

I was unable to make any opposition to his argument.

After a pause Emmet said to me, "Mr. Herbert, you can greatly oblige me."

"I would be delighted to do so."

"I want you to take a letter to Miss Lambert, and as you are in my perfect confidence I beg to say that it contains another letter addressed to Miss Curran."

Here his emotion overcame him for a moment. On recovering he added, "Miss Curran is the one to whom I am devoted."

"I know the lady," I said. "I first saw her when I had the pleasure of first seeing you, and I also spent a day with her in company with Miss Lambert and other ladies. Miss Lambert, of course," I added, "is her friend."

"O yes," he replied. They were both educated in the same seminary. They are equally clever, and equally good."

"Miss Lambert, then," I interposed, "is acquainted with the intimacy between you and Miss Curran."

"Entirely," he replied. "Not to quote Othello offensively, she has been our 'go-between.'"

Emmet then stood up, and went to a rude table in the corner of the room, where he wrote his letters and enclosed them to Miss Lambert, and I undertook to deliver them in a couple of hours.

CHAPTER XIX.

A REMONSTRANCE

On my arrival at Mr. Lambert's the first person I met was the traveller.

"You look serious," he observed.

"I am," I replied, "very serious."

"Walk this way," he said.

We then moved down the lawn.

"Is there something the matter with Emmet?" he asked.

"A great deal, I fear," I replied.

"Is there a rising contemplated?" he inquired.

"Unquestionably," I answered.

"Good God!" he said, "that must not be. Where is he?"

"I have no doubt," I replied, "by this time he is at his private lodgings."

"Then I must see him. Have you dismissed the car that brought you here?"

"Yes," I answered.

He then let go my arm and proceeded up to the house, where he gave instructions to his man to at once prepare a car.

In a few minutes a jaunting car was in readiness at the door. I then gave Miss Lambert's letter to her maid, and we mounted the car and drove off.

As we approached the Priory, Mr. Lambert told the driver to stop at the gate, and on his arrival there we got out, when he gave him further directions to drive along Stephen's Green and to come back to that place again in about an hour. We then walked on to Emmet's lodgings, and, as the evening was still early, we found him up and alone. On our entering he looked at me anxiously, and inquired if there was anything wrong. I said—

"Nothing. Mr. Lambert has requested me to accompany him here, but for what purpose I am utterly ignorant. He did not tell me what his business was, and during our journey he has been silent."

Emmet then looked very anxiously on the traveller. The look being interrogative, the traveller said—

"I am here, Mr. Emmet, uninvited, and I am come to give advice unasked."

"Your advice, Mr. Lambert," said Emmet, "will be always acceptable because it is always profound and just."

"My advice will now be profound and just," replied Mr. Lambert, "because I speak from an impression that gives me great anxiety, and which concerns you most seriously."

"Speak, sir."

"I have just learned," continued Mr. Lambert, "from my young friend, before starting this evening, that there is danger abroad."

"I did not know," said Emmet, with a look at me, "that he conveyed anything serious to you."

"What I said," I replied, "arose out of the conviction that Mr. Lambert was in our secret."

"I have not," Mr. Lambert added, "been recently in anybody's secret; but I inferred from what you told me that a great political movement is in contemplation."

"There is no disguising the fact," observed Emmet, "that an insurrection is intended."

"Upon that point I am here to speak; and, as I am full of thought, you must excuse me if I am impulsive in my words, for I am regardless of everything but what is necessary for the conveyance of my convictions."

"I am bound to be grateful to you," said Emmet, "and will be very attentive."

"I am an older man than you," continued Mr.

Lambert, "and have had more experience. I have been engaged in rebellion, and I consider myself qualified to give advice, and as a friend I ask you especially if you love Ireland—"

"Love Ireland!" exclaimed Emmet.

"If you love your friends, and if you love yourself, avoid everything having the shape or substance of a revolt."

"You don't understand our plans," said Emmet. "They are complete, sir. They are formidable, and they will be successful."

"If successful," remarked Mr. Lambert, "they will justify the proceeding; but if not successful they will be chargeable with an amount of crime never to be effaced from the minds of those who commenced them. Rebellion is merely a local riot. An insurrection is a prelude to a great national change."

"You had better understand our arrangements," said Emmet. "You are now in our confidence,—and we have the most perfect confidence in you."

"You do me only justice," was Mr. Lambert's reply.

"The North and the South," continued Emmet, "are ready for a national movement. Our commissariat is not large, but we calculate on its efficiency. We are quite certain of a thousand men from Wexford, two thousand from Wicklow,

a thousand from Kildare, six thousand from the Queen's County and the two Meaths, and five thousand men ready in the City of Dublin. From the North there will, to-morrow, pour in upon us half-a-million of men !"

"Very formidable," said Mr. Lambert, "but are their promises reliable ?"

"Perfectly so."

"Dublin is full of soldiers," said Mr. Lambert.

"We are guarded against the movements of the military. The bridges will be rendered impassable. The Castle will be first seized, and the Government will be paralysed. We will possess the arms; and, in addition to this, we are quite certain that the Catholics in the barracks will join us to a man."

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Lambert, "if I am still incredulous. I am incredulous on every point. I am sure you will expect me to speak plainly and with freedom."

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, your expectation of the peasantry coming in from the various counties is—don't be offended—a terrible delusion. They will not come, sir."

"Do you speak with authority ?" inquired Emmet, somewhat peevishly.

"I know by my experience and by my presence

among them," said Mr. Lambert, "that they will not come. In 1798, when we marched with Father Roach to Gough's Bridge, and drove before us the military who met us there, we were promised the aid of six thousand pikemen, three thousand musket men, and twelve pieces of artillery. We calculated confidently on them, for the people of Wexford and the people of Wicklow were, we concluded, reliable men. They were not wild visionaries, for they were not accustomed to agrarian outrages. They were honest and steady Catholics, lovers of Ireland, strong, enduring, and, as we thought—reliable men."

"So they were," said Emmet.

"In the majority the fact proved otherwise. As we approached Gough's Bridge, from Wexford, we saw that there was a great crowd there, but in the small encounter at the bridge two-thirds of our followers disappeared. As we approached New Ross the many thousands expected were reduced to four or five hundred. They certainly were resolute men; but they were not resolved men. The majority of them got drunk, and through the forbearance of General Moore a great many were saved from destruction. The loss of life was small, and small as our numbers were we escaped, as I stated the other evening, through the strategy of Father Roach. I am therefore warranted in doubting your

calculation, and I am as firm in that doubt as I am in the assurance of my own existence."

"Well, supposing they don't come from Wexford," said Emmet, "they will come from Ulster. Captain Russell has already assured himself of the aid of four thousand men."

"They will vanish," said Mr. Lambert, "as the Wexford men did at the battle of Ross. Don't be offended if I speak from the full impression of my mind. You will not suppose for a moment that I intend any offence to your understanding; but, as a man who is engaged in a perilous enterprise, I implore you to weigh all the chances, and you must also in weighing all the chances admit the usual axiom 'that the worst fears are the true ones.'"

"I hear you not with pleasure, certainly, but with great anxiety," said Emmet.

"Then," proceeded Mr. Lambert, "your reliance on the army is perfectly futile. The army at the time of the late rebellion was full of 'croppies,' as the rebels were called; but not one of them ever quitted the ranks."

"Had the rebellion been general," said Emmet, "they would not have refused to join the rebels."

"Discipline," continued Mr. Lambert, "is formidable in the absence of retreat. Soldiers who refuse obedience become rebels, but only in great national movements is this true. In your case the

trumpet in barrack will sound, the military will 'fall in,' and, no matter how you guard the bridges, the military will pour in upon you and prevent the Castle from being taken, or, if taken, recover it—and you are lost."

"In one thing, at all events," said Emmet, "I am quite certain you are mistaken. The Wicklow men will join us, and we expect many of them in town to-morrow. Dwyre has given me assurance to that extent."

"You must not rely on Dwyre," said Lambert—"not that he intends to deceive you, but he is unreliable because he deceives himself. I have been at home some time, and rambled over the hills and fields endeared by a youthful memory, and I found no preparations for rebellion, nor the sound of it. The good housewives discover a warning from the beehive in the insect rebellion ; but no such warning is heard on Wicklow hills."

Emmet, drawing himself up, looked as if he was surprised by the argument, and said, "In your view, then, Mr. Lambert, an insurrection is an impossibility."

"That is not my view, Mr. Emmet," said Mr. Lambert. "Not at all. An insurrection is a reality when a whole people wills it, and when the free air of the country is full of treason ; when every man glows with patriotic ardour—or what, perhaps, is

more formidable, hatred of oppressors. Then an insurrection is inevitable. It takes place like a change in the weather. Despotism flies from its strongholds and gathers round it as large an army as it can command; but it is found when too late that disaffection has destroyed the loyalty of the troops, and when the troops are adverse a revolution is inevitable. All this is now impossible."

"Without the troops," said Emmet, "people have accomplished revolutions."

"Never," was the emphatic response of Mr. Lambert. "Never has an insurrection been effected but by troops or by armed men cohering together like troops. Armed peasants are formidable only when there is no opposition; but when opposed by troops they are as uncertain in their movements as the swallows are in their flight. Peasants with pikes are certainly not harmless, but they are not formidable in the presence of drilled soldiers, and platoon firing is not like the firing at Oulard. Under the very best circumstances recruits are unreliable before they are baptised with fire, and the discharge of a roll of musketry from a thousand men is a thing to affright the heart of the bravest. When I saw this at the battle of the Pyramids I at once arrived at the conclusion that it requires drilled men—men long in the field—to stand it; and, in

point of fact, I discovered that even such men as these do not stand it very long without retiring, afterwards to be brought up again. If you look at the history of rebellions you will find this to be especially the case. In former wars, before the invention of gunpowder, the men were armed after a fashion; but drill gave advantage where discipline had been recognised. The Gauls in Cæsar's wars, you will recollect, carried long swords, and required space on either side to use them. The space required thinned their ranks, while the army with their dagger-like swords kept close together, and struck out from the arm as pugilists do, and had very little difficulty in beating the men with the long swords. Coming to the medieval time, it is exactly the same, though in a different way. The feudal system gave to the Crown a standing army as long as the Crown was respected. That standing army swept revolting persons from the field as fire would stubble. That standing army opposed the Crown when the Crown was not in conformity with public opinion; and in our day we all know that the French Revolution was effected by men with arms in their hands—by men trained in military schools, and not by the *sans culottes* of Paris and the boisterous, cowardly peasants. If you gather your army together—if the numbers you calculate on be all there—their

very density will be your ruin, for, as a Gothic General said, 'The thicker the grass the easier it is mowed.' They would not stand two discharges from the musketry before they would disperse like an alarmed colony of sheep."

"Well, Mr. Lambert," said Emmet, "that is your opinion. My opinion is quite different, and I am quite certain that the promises made to me will be kept. The Protestants of Ulster, who showed such patriotism five years ago, will evince the same patriotism now; and the Catholic priests throughout the whole of the South, and even from the North, will certainly bring the people to our aid."

"For God's sake!" said Mr. Lambert, "do not depend upon them, for the priests will not do anything of the kind. A few enthusiastic curates may; but a priest by his education and ordination is a man imbued with peace; and, what is more, he is bound by his church not to resist authority,—while authority in point of fact is irresistible."

"When it ceases to be irresistible," said Emmet, "then the priests may act?"

"Unquestionably. But that takes a long time to effect. Where," he asked, "is your commissariat?"

"The fields are full of cattle," replied Emmet, "and the farm-house barns are still full of grain

flour. We cannot want for food. We can kill the cattle and the sheep, and pay for them."

"Can you?"

"We shall give them our notes of hand If we are successful they shall be paid, and if not successful the motive and principle on which we act will excuse the debt. But we shall be successful. Temporary defeat will drive us to the hills and the bogs, and these will be our strongholds. The dykes and ditches will be our defences, and from these places of safety we can destroy the enemy."

"You lie under a military mistake, Mr. Emmet," said Mr. Lambert. "The defences which you select for yourselves will be selected by the military, and the presence of a rebel force on the hills or in the bogs will point out their position to the artillery-men, and a discharge or two from a dozen guns will denude the hills and bogs of your peasant forces. The battle of Vinegar Hill illustrates the fact. And now, Mr Emmet, in vulgar phraseology, I have 'said my say.' I have been actuated by motives"——

"Which I do not question," interrupted Emmet.

"Which I am sure you do not," continued Mr. Lambert. 'But under certain circumstances a man can immediately recall the stories and events in which he lived, and in cases of peril when well-

considered, will supply facts and arguments which should be properly appreciated. You are generous. You are noble-minded. You are highly gifted,—and your patriotism admits of no doubt; but you are under an obligation to humanity, to your friends, to your partisans, and to yourself; and let me add that the question of humanity should be deeply meditated upon, for the habits of the Irish wolf-dogs illustrate the habits of the Irish peasants. They are gentle when caressed, but they are terrible when provoked—though not so terrible as the Beresfords and Sirrs of former years. The peasantry of the county of Wexford have been always remarkable for their quiet habits, their kindly nature, and great industry. For centuries they gave no criminal to the gallows, and the county jail was never filled with felons. They love their neighbours. They love their priests. They love their religion, and they love themselves. And just remark what they did when they were provoked into the last rebellion. They erected the 'mock gallows.' They strangled men in the absence of resistance. They butchered Protestants on Vinegar Hill, and threw them headlong into trenches dug for them, but out of these trenches fortunately many of the wounded men escaped and recovered. At Wexford they butchered persons whose only crime was that they did not worship at the same

altar with themselves, and at Sculaboug the same atrocities were likewise enacted. Who could forget these facts, which are recorded against a people, and which are also recorded and condemned by Hayes, the Roman Catholic historian, who is now respected by both parties? The peasantry in all countries have ever been kind and genial; but during political excitement, religious frenzy, or religious prejudice, they have done deeds which make angels weep; and it therefore places increased responsibility on the man who will place foolish peasants in a position which would make them forget their very nature."

"We shall guard against all this," said Emmet. "Still, believe me, I appreciate correctly the good intentions that brought you here, and I will pause before I act; but then, Mr. Lambert, I am pledged to others, and if I refuse to act upon that pledge I will be branded as a coward, a villain, and a traitor. Rebellion, I know, is often wrongly named revolution; but there can be no revolution without the prelude of rebellion. I believe I have gauged the opinion of my countrymen correctly, and have gauged my own, and I will risk my life, and what I have considered dearer than life, in the attempt I have intended to make, and which at the present moment I am still inclined to make."

"Amen," said Mr. Lambert. "And now, Mr. Herbert, let us retire to our homes."

"I have, Mr. Lambert," I said, "been deeply affected by your arguments, which I think are unanswerable; but, young as I am in this matter, I have placed my life upon the cast, and will stand the hazard of the die."

"Oh," said Emmet, "don't think of that. Think, my young friend, of yourself. Live," he continued, smiling, "to write my history and shew the motives which induced me to face the dangers to which I deliberately exposed myself."

"I did not come here," observed Mr. Lambert addressing Emmet, "to deprive you of a single supporter, and I would not for the world persuade one to abandon you in your emergency. You are so generous, so candid, and—let me add—so wise, for you have already just given to your young friend good advice. So good night to both."

Mr. Lambert left us, and Emmet and I sat silent for fully half-an-hour. At length Emmet stood up and said, "I am weary of thinking, and you are weary of divining my thoughts, and so good night."

CHAPTER XX.

PREPARATIONS FOR REBELLION. THE REVOLT. THE DISCOMFITURE.

FOUR or five days subsequent to this I was in the constant habit of meeting my friend Emmet and his associates. With the exception of Captain Russell, these were not remarkable either for rank or talents; but most of them appeared uncommonly zealous in the cause; and such of them as were delegates from the distant provinces drew the most encouraging picture of general preparation. They represented the peasantry as everywhere ripe for revolt, and named several persons of consequence who only waited for an opportunity of declaring for a republican form of government. Emmet seemed confident of success; and, in the anticipation of triumph, we spent several nights discussing the best method of securing independence after the overthrow of the Government. Our

plan of operation being now before the public, it is quite unnecessary to state it here. It must be admitted that in drawing it up Emmet displayed considerable military skill.

On the night of the 22nd July we assembled at the depôt; and, though everything wore a gloomy aspect, we resolved to persevere. The different leaders received their instructions:—some were to assemble their forces on the Barley Fields, on the Canal; some on the Coal Quay; and others in different parts of the city. They were to act only in case of seeing a third rocket, which Emmet was to send up when he considered the time arrived for the commencement of hostilities. Emmet, Malachy, Bryan, and I, were to head the forces which were to attack the Castle.

Everything being thus arranged, I bade my companions farewell for the night, and returned to my lodgings. I could sleep but little; and, when I awoke the next morning, the consciousness of being on the eve of a great event filled my mind with gloomy apprehensions. To reflect, however, was now useless; and, without giving my thoughts time to inform against my purpose, I hurried to the depôt, where I found all in confusion. The place was thronged with insurgents who had arrived from the country, and whose presence served to obstruct the workmen. Malachy and

Emmet, with astonishing firmness, gave directions; and I was handed the printed proclamation to read.

As I looked upon the countenances of the desperate and infatuated men around me, I could not resist the gloomy prescience which the scene was calculated to impart. It was a moment which, of course, I would not wish to go through again; there was so much of foreboding evil—so much of personal misfortune to apprehend--and so much toil and peril which must be endured, whether the rebellion triumphed or was crushed. My imagination, like a prism, collected all the rays of evil from probable discomfiture, and showed me, in aggravated horror, all the dangers I had to encounter. However, to recede was now impossible, without incurring the imputation of cowardice; or, what was more intolerable, the suspicion of my associates. Actual hostility was preferable to either of these; and, making a virtue of a necessity, I recalled the memory of those conspirators who had been successful, and fortified my resolution by anticipating the same fortune, though everything around might have taught a rational man the extravagant folly of hoping to subvert a powerful government with a few hundred men, partially armed, and half drunk. These, it is true, we thought had only to raise the standard of rebellion and thousands

would be ready to support it; but, in future, who will rely upon the promises of conspirators?

About six o'clock, Emmet, Malachy, Bryan, and one or two others, put on their green uniforms, trimmed with gold lace, and selected their arms.

"I beg to appoint you, Mr. Herbert," said Emmet, addressing me, "to an important task, now of extreme urgency. The men from the counties Wicklow and Wexford are by this time assembled in Kavin Street and the streets adjoining. You must go there, and you will see Howlan, the Oulard boy, standing opposite an hotel. Tell him to collect the men—get them ready and march direct in a body as quickly as possible to Thomas Street after he sees the third rocket fired. You are an Englishman, a stranger, and not likely to be recognized."

I obeyed my instructions, and had no difficulty in finding Howlan opposite the hotel. On my delivering to him my message he exclaimed:—

"Tatteration, the boys have not come. The blackguards have disappointed us, but a few are here, and I will collect them. You had better," he continued, "run back as quickly as possible, and tell Mr. Emmet to postpone the rising."

I lost not a moment in finding my way into Francis Street; but I had scarcely done so when the first, second, and third rocket exploded in the

air. "The hour has come," I thought to myself; and I ran as fast as I could in order to render all the aid in my power to my friends. I saw a great crowd running up the street towards me; and, as I kept running on, my arm was seized by the grasp of a small hand. The hand was that of Miss Lambert.

"Come in," she said, standing aside; "come in here, there is a terrible riot in Thomas Street."

"A rebellion," I said.

"I fear it is," she remarked, "but the day is already lost. My uncle, the owner of this establishment, has just come in, and told us that the rebels have killed a judge, and that they have been fired on by the galloping cavalry, and all is now dismay."

I was impatiently moving to go, but she said:—

"You must not go, sir. It is no use now." She took me by the arm, and while she held it fast a voice whispered in my ear:—

"Fly; Emmet is killed. The day is lost."

The voice was that of Malachy, but I had no time to recognize his features, for he ran forward with the crowd. The shopmen were all this time busy putting up the shutters, and there being a positive necessity for closing the door we had to withdraw to an inner room.

Times for great sensations are precisely the

times when no sensations take place. Miss Lambert was pale but calm. She spoke not. My feelings were too big for tears. The clamour and cries of the crowd, the reports of musketry, and the trampling of galloping horses, left no doubt that a terrible affair had taken place. Fortunately, however, it was of brief duration. Rebellion there was none. There was hardly a respectable Irish riot, and by twelve o'clock the city appeared perfectly silent. The master of the house, an old friend of my father's, recommended us to remain till morning, and said that when the business of the day commenced we would have no difficulty in proceeding homewards. He was quite right. The next morning all was perfectly quiet, and business, as far as I could see, was resumed. The soldiery had gone to the barracks, and the police, few in number, loitered about very unostentatiously.

"Shall I procure you a car?" asked the master of the house.

"It would add very considerably to the obligations you have already conferred upon us," said Miss Lambert.

The car was procured. I placed Miss Lambert on one side, and I mounted the other. I told the carman to drive to the gate of the priory, and when we reached it Miss Lambert said, "I will enter

here, and the car will take you to Enniskerry." When I arrived at Enniskerry there were several people loitering about, but to my great delight my friend Denis Howlan walked up to me. He reverentially rejected my hand, which I had offered to him, and said, "I will show you your way home, sir." He knew every path and every pass about Enniskerry, and as if interpreting my fears he said, "We are perfectly safe now."

After a long walk, which was rendered fatiguing by the want of sleep the preceding night, we sighted Castlerath.

"You must not go there," said Denis, "you must go to Mr. Lambert's, where I expect you will find a gentleman who will be glad to see you."

The gentleman was Mr. Emmet, who embraced me warmly when I entered the house, and said, "I thought that you and Malachy had been killed, but neither of you, I am happy to say, have been hurt. Malachy is now safe, and so am I."

"Your information," I said warmly, "is most welcome to me, for I was under the impression that both of you had been killed."

"A good horse," said Emmet, "provided for me by a friend in Thomas Street, brought me here."

Howlan now approached us deferentially, and said, "You are not quite safe here, both of you must go to the hills."

We followed him, and he conducted us to the mountain recess where I had a few weeks before listened with great delight to Emmet's speech.

"Rest here," said Howlan to us, "just amongst the trees, and a diligent watch will be kept for you. Both of you will like some sleep. I can do without sleep, but I am sure gentlemen like you can't."

On getting into the shade I rested, but slept not. When the deep shadows of evening were on the hills, I heard the tread of men approaching, but Howlan assured us that they were friends. They were a deputation for the purpose of telling Emmet that all was not lost, and that the chances even now were better than ever.

"Will you," said Howlan to us, "step down into the valley where they are waiting for you?" We did so. Dwyre saluted Emmet, and urged him, in very concise but appropriate language, to turn the disaster of the former evening to a profitable account.

"We can," he said, "take Wicklow, Gorey, Wexford, Carlow, and Kilkenny without delay. The whole country is up; and, dismayed by the defeat of last night, they are anxious to erase the disgrace, and to accomplish the great work which you, Mr. Emmet, had taken upon yourself."

The time had passed for Emmet to credit such sweeping assertions; and, though he did not con-

tradict his friends, he unhesitatingly condemned any further recourse to hostilities. "For," said he, "defeated in our first grand attempt, all further endeavours must be futile. Our enemies are armed; our friends are dispirited; and our only hope is now in patience. The justice of our cause must one day triumph; and let us not indiscreetly protract the period by any premature endeavours to accelerate it. No doubt I could, in forty-eight hours, wrap the whole kingdom in the flames of rebellion; but, as I have no ambition beyond the good of my country, I best study her interest, and the interest of freedom, by declining to elevate my name upon the ruin of thousands, and afford our tyrants an apology to draw another chain around unhappy Ireland. In revolts the first blow decides the contest; we have aimed one; and, missing the mark, let us retire unobserved, and leave our enemies ignorant of the hand which was raised for their destruction. Impenetrable secrecy surrounds all our measures; the loss we have sustained is inconsiderable; and, unacquainted with their own danger, and the extent of our resources, the tyrants of Ireland will relapse into false security, and afford us, perhaps sooner than we imagine, another opportunity to attack the hydra of oppression. Let me, therefore, my friends, advise you to act with that prudence

which becomes men engaged in the grandest of all causes—the liberation of their country. Be cautious, be silent; and do not afford our enemies any ground for either tyranny or suspicion; but, above all, never forget that you are *United Irishmen*—sworn to promote the liberty of your country by all the means in your power. I have," he continued, "now relieved my bosom from a load of apprehension; and, in preventing the revolt of last night from assuming the form of rebellion, I am conscious of having saved the lives of thousands of my fellow-countrymen. When the libeller of my name and intentions shall charge the blood of yesterday to my memory, I hope there will not be wanting some one to recollect that, if a little has been shed through my means, I have prevented the effusion of one hundred times as much, on which I might have floated to a disreputable notoriety. Over my future destiny fate has thrown a veil which mortal eyes cannot penetrate. Should I succeed in evading the pursuit of my enemies, you may expect to see me once more armed in the cause of Ireland; but, should I fall on the scaffold, let not the coward or the knave intimidate you from again and again appealing to Heaven in behalf of your rights and liberties by alluding to my recent failure. Oh! I beseech you, as friends and fellow-patriots, to

believe me, and, in the name of our common country, I charge you to transmit it to your children, that, had I only one thousand pounds more, and another thousand men, I had overthrown the temple of despotism, and given liberty to Ireland. My plan was an admirable one; but there was failure in every part; and from these defects let future patriots learn to prevent similar consequences. Our attempt will not be unproductive of good. Tyranny is not immortal; for ultimately the oppressed destroys the oppressor. Gentlemen, you will now look to your own safety; and, as for me, I shall do the best I can to quit the country, in the hope of again meeting you under happier auspices."

He spoke in a subdued and feeling tone; and, as he bade them all farewell, he appeared deeply affected. After some hesitation his advice was acquiesced in; and the assembly began to separate, two and three at a time. Emmet, having named a place at which to meet his Dublin friends on the morrow evening, consented to become my companion for the night; but, before we repaired to the cottage of our friend Denis, we thought it but right to pay a visit to Castlerath, in order to afford my uncle such consolation as the nature of his bitter misfortunes admitted of. Denis, therefore, with much reluctance, consented to return with us,

and made preparation for our reception, while a shrill whistle, from a person in attendance, brought Dwyre and his men to escort us over the hills.

As we approached the residence of my uncle, I found myself unable to resist the gloomy impression which began to assail me. Allied by family ties to its inmates, I could not but feel for the sorrows of the poor old man, and weep over the fate of my cousins. Malachy had his full share of my sympathy; for I looked upon his life as now forfeited to the violated laws; while Bryan, less talented, but more harmless, largely participated in my regret, though my acquaintance with him was very limited, for I seldom met him, even during my stay at the Castle. To see my uncle, and condole with him, was now a work of duty; otherwise I should gladly have dispensed with the interview; even as it was, I had nearly shrunk from the task.

When we arrived at the bridge before the Castle, Dwyre sent one of his men to reconnoitre; and, on his return, we ascertained that my uncle was absent in Dublin, where he had gone to learn the fate of his sons. It was, therefore, thought unnecessary to enter the Castle, which was now filled with the lamentations of its inmates; and we made our way for the homely cottage of Denis, where we found prepared for us a supper of new

potatoes and bacon, on which we fared sumptuously, in company with the worthy peasant, and Dwyre, the extraordinary captain of the Wicklow banditti. After supper we retired to repose in a small apartment above the kitchen; and Dwyre promised that some of his men should take care that our place of retreat was not obtruded upon.

The next morning, very early, the traveller called upon us.

"You see," said Emmet, "how well your predictions have been fulfilled."

"I come not to speak of the past. I come to speak not so much of events as of their impending consequences. Denis came to inform me that you were here. To say that I sympathise with you would not convey my meaning. I am full of alarm, not to say regret; and I feel for your position, a position not dissimilar to one which, five years ago, was my own."

"I believe you," said Emmet.

"What I did," continued the traveller, "you must now do."

"What is that?"

"Fly from Ireland. Major Sirr's men will be on your trail."

"No doubt," I observed.

"Then," said Mr. Lambert, "you must depart from this place in an hour."

"In an hour!" repeated Emmet.

"In half-an-hour—in ten minutes! the sooner the better. The plan I pursued when I was in danger is open to you. In a day, at least—in one day—you may be beyond pursuit; you may be in France."

"I will obey you," said Emmet, thoughtfully, "but not at once."

"Why not?"

"Because I must visit Dublin this very day."

"Permit me, in familiarity, to ask," said the traveller, "for what purpose?"

"You have a right to ask, sir, and I will tell you. There is one I must see. I made a promise to myself that I would see *her*. There are a few dear friends who aided me in the late unhappy affair whom I must also endeavour to see."

"The urgency of the occasion," said the traveller, "will surely be a sufficient apology for the absence of visits at such a time?"

"It cannot," was Emmet's reply. "I have been terribly mistaken. I did what I thought a great duty. A duty to myself equally great demands that I should this very day go to Dublin."

"And, vulgarly speaking, 'walk into the lion's mouth.'"

"Even so; if that result is not to be avoided. I am already indexed in history. Fate may now do its worst. I have played for a high chance,

and I have lost it. I owe now very little to myself. I still, however, owe much to my friends. There is one"———

Here he paused. For the first time I saw tears in his eyes; but he hurriedly wiped them away, and continued:—

"To see *her;* to apologise to her; to beg her pardon,—obtain it, as I hope; and then let the very worst follow."

"It clearly appears to me," said the traveller, "that all you desire can be accomplished without incurring increased danger. Your friends in Dublin are only anxious for your safety. The lady you refer to has, no doubt, already pardoned you. Any message you may choose to send her will be taken by my sister, who, in all probability, will be at home in a few hours; and, although strong affections are insensible to obtrusive arguments, there is no difficulty in believing that your escape from danger will be infinitely more delightful to Miss Curran while she is in a state,—as no doubt she is,—of the utmost alarm. Think, O think, my friend, whatever her anguish is now, how infinitely it would be heightened if the agents of Government secure your person. I will not refer to a terrible sequence!"

"Unnecessary," interrupted Emmet. "I am prepared for the worst. I have lived in the bright

idea of liberating my country. It was my father's wish; it was my brother's recommendation. So far I have failed to realise the promises I made them; but even death on the scaffold will justify their recommending my memory to every one who loves Ireland."

He was perfectly calm in making these observations, but the traveller interpreted differently, and observed, "You are excited. For Heaven's sake, my dear friend, no longer delude yourself. Live on for better times; and, in order that you may live on for better times, quit the country at once."

"I am resolved," said Emmet, "to abide by my firm resolution. Accept my best thanks,—thanks not to be expressed,—for your kind consideration for me; but you will not be displeased to know that you exaggerate my danger. In point of fact, I hardly run any. I am not known to a living soul but the few men who worked under my direction, and the still fewer men,—honest, noble fellows,—who, out of their funds, supplied me with means to carry on the great work. To those who knew me six years ago I have not revealed myself. The companion of my youth, the sympathiser with my pursuits, the approver of my patriotism, my beloved friend, Tommy Moore, I have not communicated with, lest I should in any way compromise him. I have not even called upon his

mother,—that loving and wise woman. In fact, not one man in ten thousand knows my person."

"One out of those ten thousand," said the traveller, "will be quite sufficient to seal your doom."

"I dare not believe that any one of my compatriots, humble or otherwise, would betray me."

"A noble thought!" observed the traveller. "But do not conceal from yourself the fact that many of those who have just suffered in your cause now probably blame you for the peril in which they found themselves. Some one of those, more mercenary than the others, may recognize you, and convey his knowledge to Major Sirr."

"In that case," said Emmet, "the worst will follow. Let it come; I do not fear it. Perhaps I am resolute because I have fully persuaded myself that I can do what I intended to do to-day, and return here this night to take the course which you are so capable of pointing out to me."

"You had better," I said, "change clothes with me. We are each of a size, and my clothes will fit you."

"You are," said Emmet, "a true friend. You would save me by taking upon yourself my identity. But it must not be. I will go at once. Do not consider me unreasonably obstinate. I did not say I had 'an oath in Heaven,' but I am in this business as fixed as fate."

The traveller bowed, and enquired how he purposed making the journey.

"I will walk all the way," said Emmet.

"No, no," said the traveller. "Walk up to my house. The car will be ready. Drive to the Scalp, and then walk quietly across the country to the place where, no doubt, you intended first to go."

At Elm Grove the vehicle was soon got ready. My dear friend mounted the car with alacrity—drove off, and I never saw him afterwards. His not returning that evening, as he promised, gave me great concern, and the worst was feared. The next day doubt was only relieved by the return of Denis from the city, to which he had been despatched for the purpose of making enquiry. His information was satisfactory, although of a negative kind. There was no report of Emmet having been arrested.

In the evening Miss Lambert returned home, and anxiety was not diminished by her statement that Emmet had not seen Miss Curran. She said that poor lady was in a condition of mind not to be described. In deference to her father, she assumed indifference. Alone, her grief refused the consolation of tears, and when she spoke it was only to express a hope that her lover had secured his safety by flight. The poor lady saw no one but members of the family, and she assented

hesitatingly, to my departure, on the promise that I would return on the following morning.

"You must return to-night," said her brother; "and, if Emmet should make his appearance, you must tell him to hasten as speedily as possible to Elm Grove."

When Miss Lambert again came to Elm Grove it was with the sad news that Emmet had not seen Miss Curran, but had been apprehended.

My first impulse was to hasten to the city, and ask an interview with my unfortunate friend.

"You will not be allowed to see him," said the traveller. "He is a doomed man. Nothing now can save him. You are not called upon to seek admission to him in his cell in manacles. There would be nothing heroic in your attempting to do what would do him no good, and would assuredly be fatal to you. Your business, therefore, is, my young friend, to quit Ireland without a moment's delay."

"How am I to go?"

"The way I went. Denis Howlan knows the road. I will give him directions, and at Kilmore you will find plenty of fishermen who will run you across to Wales. Take with you my fishing-rod and the other things necessary to an amateur angler, and 'thrash,' as the sportsman says, the brooks of the Principality. You may even, in your

apparent labour of love, go as far as Bala Lake. Very few Welshmen in the interior can speak English, and those who can will not take you for a fugitive, for you lack the 'brogue,' and your accent is English. Take my advice: do not communicate with your father and mother while you are there, but after a few weeks take the coach from Hereford, or elsewhere; and no town offers such means of concealment as London does. Your place of proper concealment will be your father's house; and take care and do not use it after the fashion of a place of concealment."

"Your counsel," I said, "like all your counsel, is wise and discreet. I will let you know how I get on."

"By no means. Do not attempt to write to me until I write to you. You must throw no chance away. In this unhappy country, Government, or rather the agents of Government, have long adopted the advice of Rinaldo, and shed blood enough."

The plan proposed to me by the traveller was singularly successful. My father and mother, in the natural impulse of the moment, forgot their anger, and in due time forgave me. My father was pleased to know that, although I was foolish, I had done nothing dishonourable. My mother quietly rejoiced that I had stood up for Ireland.

The fate of Emmet was soon decided. He died as he lived — calm, conscientiously firm in his own thoughts, and proud that he had sacrificed his life to his country.

The miniature Rebellion of 1803 was soon forgotten. My poor uncle died literally of grief. Malachy escaped to France, entered the French service, and perished in the retreat from Moscow. The old Castle, as if sympathising with the ill-fortunes of the family, to the astonishment of all the neighbourhood, yielded to time, and in a moment, on a dark night, became a heap of ruins. My father proposed, in compliment to my mother, to purchase Castlerath and its surroundings; but she objected. It was no longer associated with the happiness of her girlish days. When old affections came upon her they turned into sadness, and new affections were awakened when she visited, or was visited by, her grandchildren; for Miss Lambert, in due time, after the terrible events of 1803, became my wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHARACTER OF ROBERT EMMET

TWENTY years have elapsed since I committed the egregious folly of joining a conspiracy against the Government of this mighty empire. The events of the few weeks of my acquaintance with Robert Emmet, and its results, are as enduring as my memory. Regrets eternally obtrude, but they never arise without vividly recalling to my mind the person, the uttered thoughts, the splendid conversations, the heroism, and what may be called, and what I think ought to be called, the fanaticism of a patriot boy. All that was brilliant about him brightens, as it were, in my very soul; and I will own, silly as it may be, that I felt pride in being connected with fearful proceedings—brief but tragical; and although they were fatal to my young friend, they served as a lesson beneficial to his country and the Government.

The personal appearance of Robert Emmet was pleasing rather than commanding. The immaturity of youth still hung about his figure. His form was, in every particular, perfect: nothing was exaggerated; and his features, when in a state of repose, were marked, but not attractive. His face bore an exact resemblance to that of the south-west of Ireland: it was long; and his nose was somewhat prominent, indicative, it was thought, of great energy. When he spoke his countenance became instantly interesting. His voice was clear, distinct, and very agreeable. When he was a little excited, his eyes became excessively animated. His manner indicated his intimacy with refined society. He was fluent, but very correct. Even on subjects the least interesting there was an incipient flow of enthusiasm about him, and it was this earnestness which rendered him most persuasive; but it was impossible to hear him even on ordinary subjects without being convinced that there was a deep meaning in everything he said. Educated under circumstances which imposed caution and anxiety on his parents, he was excluded in a great part, if not wholly, from what is called a knowledge of the world. The atmosphere of disloyalty had thickened over the country when he was born. It exercised a treasonable influence on his youth; and he listened, no doubt at his

father's table and among the companions with whom he associated, to the reasoning which, in the absence of discussion and contradiction, established the fact that Ireland ought to be a republic, and would be a republic if the people would combine in a national effort to throw off the power of England. That was the opinion of his brother, Thomas Adis. It was the opinion of O'Conor, the friend of his brother; of Nappartande, Lord Fitzgerald, and, above all, of Wolfe Tone. Tone, although a member of the Established Church, was secretary to a kind of Catholic board, and was supposed — erroneously, as it subsequently appeared — to perfectly understand the feelings of the Roman Catholics and their continued desire for rebellion.

Young Emmet was, therefore, educated in a tangible incipient treason. Like other young men of that age, of this age, and of every age, he was sanguine. Permitted to indulge in his own schemes of national defences, and in the facility of bringing those national defences into use, he yielded to what, indeed, was a common delusion, and the delusion long indulged in became a habit of his soul. The failure of youth, when prematurely venturing into large concerns, is proverbial; so proverbial, that wise men in every pursuit of life, particularly in

trade and commerce, never fail in endeavouring to prevent the embarkation into important concerns before discreet manhood is attained. The delusion that was first encouraged, and afterwards confirmed, by the peculiar disposition of the Irish people, was to confide more in the force of prejudice than in the lessons of wisdom. All oppressed people acquire, from the cradle upwards, a detestation of those who oppress them, and an ardent eagerness to achieve their country's independence. These facts were just as common, under similar circumstances, in all European nations as they were in Ireland; but in Ireland a difference in creed helped to intensify the natural political passions. National prejudices are strong alike in the inhabitants of towns and provinces; but it so happens, I believe, that treason acquires force, at first at least, in towns and cities, rather than in the country. Oppression operates adversely in another way when long endurance is the result of frequent discomfitures. The Catholic peasant acknowledged, practically, the terrible influence of positive serfdom. Truthfulness was not to be expected when truth was itself a violation of law. Where fear was not admitted, the Roman Catholic was always outspoken. He gave utterance to his inmost thoughts, and for the moment was apparently prepared to back those thoughts in a struggle for

liberty. This boldness, however, resembled too much the prayers of the woodman, who altered his petition the moment a deliverer appeared; and the Irish peasant in the south, certainly, was never prompt to back his opinion in the open field. His prudence, not to designate it by a worse title, had been the exemplified prudence of all the nations of Europe until very recently, if not still. But the knowledge of facts refuses for a long time to be recognized; and hence it is we hear perpetually on public platforms, and read in books and newspapers, of "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm" for the security of national liberty.

It is surprising how readily nations acquiesce in the wrong-doing of legislators, and persist in the erroneous opinions of their time. The road to national liberty has never been a very tempting one, and it is seldom pursued except under a species of coercion half moral and half compulsory. The Irish have been reproached with never having fought a single battle for national independence. Their national battles were generally waged in favour of contending English parties. When the Puritan wars of England were transferred to Ireland, the Catholic people, strong as their feelings were on the side of Royalty, or, rather, in hostility to the Puritans, did not crowd into the camp.

O'Neile in Ulster, and Preston in Munster, raised tolerably large armies. In Ulster the population swelled the national forces, and were at first successful; but in the South the peasantry kept aloof from Preston's army; and the Pope's legate was welcomed ardently when he brought large sums of money with him. When, however, the money was gone, either Preston was a bad general or his soldiers deserters; for the legate had to make a hasty retreat through Galway to Italy. The national cause soon collapsed. When James the First tried his fortune in the island, the Catholics did not swarm about the royal standard; and in consequence of their absence the siege of Derry was raised, the battle of the Boyne was lost, St. Ruthe fell at Aughrim, and Limerick capitulated on promises made by William, not one of which promises, properly speaking, was ever adhered to.

The Rebellion of 1798 was, as my friend Mr. Lambert would call it, a riot—it was an abortion. It originated among the Protestants of Ulster; and the Protestants of Leinster—that is, of Wexfordshire, at least—consented to head the rebel peasants. Being, however, long strangers to religious toleration of any kind, the peasants turned out to fight, as they thought, for their religion; and their excesses, before the military

appeared, expelled from them Harvey, Morgan, and others. The statement of my friend, Mr. Lambert, has clearly narrated the prompt cause of failure; but, short as the revolt was, it evoked new religious prejudices, and deepened those previously in existence.

The cause of Emmet's Rebellion resided in national circumstances, and its failure in the religious hatreds which 1798 had evoked. The Protestants of Ulster shrank from an alliance with those who mistook intolerance for patriotism; and the Catholics, adhering to their intolerance, retained, in increased force, their original dislike of Protestantism. Emmet concealed these facts from himself when he meditated rebellion. The victim of an idea, he rejected the counsel of wiser heads than his own; and being naturally incapable of organisation on a large scale, he discovered his mistake in five minutes after the firing of the three signals in Thomas Street. The great lesson in his failure, however, is, it is feared, still to be appreciated; but, properly understood, it amounts to a demonstration that an insurrection in Ireland is utterly impossible while its population regard each other through religious prejudices. What the Catholics desire the Protestants will oppose; what the Protestants desire will receive no assistance from the Roman Catholics. The whole Irish

people, therefore, must, if they be wise, work out the good of their country through a real identity with the people of England. Relieved from the absurd, and therefore mischievous, dream of Republicanism, or separation, they will be afforded an opportunity of profiting by all the advantages which have enriched and ennobled England, while rivalling their neighbours in all intellectual developments, which, in union, become the proper property of both kingdoms.

Emmet, full of truthfulness, of honour, of noble aspirations, concealed from himself the history of national discontents, while he had totally forgotten the events in the Rebellion which had rendered union between the Catholics and Protestants impossible. His Rebellion was the result of his youth, his inexperience, and a sanguine temparament which refused to permit interruption between his grand conceptions and their expected fulfilment.

There was a witchery about my young friend which was perfectly marvellous. All who approached and conversed with him loved him. There was a kindness in his nature which forbade incredulity in reference to his views when he disclosed them to his chosen friends; and I say this not for the purpose of excusing the fascination which he exercised over me. It was utterly

impossible not to consider his friendship a delight and honour. To inspire me with confidence was a proof of his earnestness and persuasive power; and so strong was the regard I felt for him that, as I have honestly stated, I was willing at the last moment to peril my life in proof of my friendship. In private conversation he was perfectly charming. He was well, rather than deeply read. The poets were more familiar to him than the historians; but it would have needed a better informed man than I was to have resisted what he pre-eminently possessed—the influence of "that faculty of the mind without which knowledge is inert and learning useless." He was full of genius of the highest possible quality, of benevolence the most pure, and humanity the most conspicuous. He died, as he lived, believing sincerely in the grandeur of what he considered a great mission, and calculating on glory whether he failed or succeeded. He was the same when in the rude temple of treason as he was when he stood a criminal in the dock, and a traitor on the scaffold. His consciousness of being right never allowed him to falter, and his self-possession was quite as conspicuous in his speech to the judges as it was when the headsman stood beside him on the scaffold. His mind, though misled, had in it all

the assured elements of greatness; and, had he lived, his name would have been an ornament to his country and to his age.

APPENDIX.

MOORE AND EMMET.

MOORE prefaced the complete edition of his "Irish Melodies," published a few years before he died, with the following interesting account of his intimacy with Robert Emmet:—

"The recollections connected, in my mind, with that early period of my life, when I first thought of interpreting in verse the touching language of my country's music, tempt me to advert to those long past days; and, even at the risk of being thought to indulge overmuch in what Colley Cibber calls 'the great pleasure of writing about one's self all day,' to notice briefly some of those impressions and influences under which the attempt to adapt words to our ancient Melodies was for some time meditated by me, and at last undertaken.

"There can be no doubt that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of

its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life; and seldom anywhere but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom for a long period our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious tradition; and a great music meeting held at Belfast in the year 1792, at which the two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavoured vainly through so many centuries to effect,—the utter extinction of Ireland's minstrelsy,—the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then wakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work;—flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilization.

"It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music,

A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies;—a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value. About the same period I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the Debating Society,—a sort of nursery to the authorised Historical Society,—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners.

"Of the political tone of this minor school of oratory, which was held weekly at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion,—one of which, I recollect, was, 'Whether an Aristocracy or a Democracy is most favourable to the advancement of science and literature?' while another, bearing even more pointedly on the relative position of the government and the people, at this crisis, was thus significantly propounded:—'Whether a soldier was bound, on all occasions, to obey the orders of his commanding officer?' On the former of these questions the effect of Emmet's eloquence upon his young auditors was, I recollect, most striking. The prohibition against touching upon modern

politics, which it was subsequently found necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet—who took of course ardently the side of Democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts—proceeded, lastly, to the grand and perilous example, then passing before all eyes, the young Republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cæsar, that, in swimming across the Rubicon, he contrived to carry with him his Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said, 'Thus France wades through a sea of storm and blood; but while, in one hand, she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles.' In another of his remarkable speeches, I remember his saying, 'When a people, advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people?'

"In a few months after, both Emmet and myself were admitted members of the greater and recognized institution, called the Historical Society; and, even here, the political feeling so rife abroad contrived to mix up its restless spirit with all our debates and proceedings, notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, as well as of a strong party within the Society itself, devoted adherents to the policy of the government, and taking invariably part with the Provost and Fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished

and eloquent of these supporters of power were a young man named Sargent, of whose fate in after days I know nothing, and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be through life, much respected for his private worth and learning.

"Of the popular side, in the Society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from the subjects of debate all questions verging towards the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful in this respect were Emmet's speeches, and so little were even the most eloquent of the adverse party able to cope with his powers, that it was at length thought advisable, by the higher authorities, to send among us a man of more advanced standing, as well as belonging to a former race of renowned speakers, in that Society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate the mischievous impression they were thought to produce. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers it is not necessary here to record; but the object of his mission among us was in some respect gained; as it was in replying to a long oration of his, one night, that Emmet, much to the mortification of us who gloried in him as our leader, became suddenly embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and, to use the parliamentary phrase, broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior,—for Emmet was as modest as he

was high-minded and brave,—he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sat down.

"It fell to my own lot to be engaged, about the same time, in a brisk struggle with the dominant party in the Society, in consequence of a burlesque poem which I gave in, as candidate for the Literary Medal, entitled *An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trismegistus Rustifustius, D.D.*, etc., etc. For this squib against the great Dons of learning, the medal was voted to me by a triumphant majority. But a motion was made in the following week to rescind this vote; and a fierce contest between the two parties ensued, which I at last put an end to by voluntarily withdrawing my composition from the Society's Book.

"I have already adverted to the period when Mr. Bunting's valuable volume first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the pianoforte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the *Red Fox*, and exclaiming, 'Oh that I were at the head of twenty-thousand men, marching to that air!'

"How little did I then think that, in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling; or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated, in the hearts

of his countrymen, with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer.

"Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs; and it was, I am ashamed to say, in dull and turgid prose, that I made my first appearance in print as a champion in the popular cause. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, the celebrated newspaper called *The Press* was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Adis Emmet, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis then fast approaching. This memorable journal, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent;—the bold letters written by Emmet (the elder), under the signature of 'Montanus,' being the only compositions I can now call to mind as entitled to praise for their literary merit. It required, however, but a small sprinkling of talent to make bold writing, at that time, palatable; and, from the experience of my own home, I can answer for the avidity with which every line of this daring journal was devoured. It used to come out, I think, twice a-week, and, on the evening of publication, I always read it aloud to our small circle after supper.

"It may easily be conceived that, what with my ardour for the national cause, and a growing consciousness of some little turn for authorship, I was naturally eager to become a contributor to those patriotic and popular columns. But the

constant anxiety about me which I knew my own family felt,—a feeling more wakeful far than even their zeal in the public cause,—withheld me from hazarding any step that might cause them alarm. I had ventured, indeed, one evening, to pop privately into the letter-box of *The Press* a short Fragment in imitation of Ossian. But this, though inserted, passed off quietly; and nobody was, in *any* sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I was soon tempted, however, to try a more daring flight. Without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, I addressed a long letter, in prose, to the * * * * * of * * * *, in which a profusion of bad flowers of rhetoric was enwreathed plentifully with that weed which Shakespeare calls 'the cockle of rebellion,' and, in the same manner as before, committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected my prose would be honoured with insertion, when, lo, on the next evening of publication, when, seated as usual in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my select auditory, there was my own letter staring me full in the face, being honoured with so conspicuous a place as to be one of the first articles my audience would expect to hear. Assuming an outward appearance of ease, while every nerve within me was trembling, I contrived to accomplish the reading of the letter without raising in either of my auditors a suspicion that it was my own. I enjoyed the pleasure, too, of hearing it a good deal praised by them; and might have been tempted by this to acknowledge myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of the article were considered by both to be 'very bold,'

"I was not destined, however, to remain long

undetected. On the following day, Edward Hudson,—the only one, as I have said, entrusted with my secret—called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room, conversing with my mother, when, looking significantly at me, he said, 'Well, you saw——' Here he stopped; but the mother's eye had followed his, with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. 'That letter was yours, then?' she asked of me eagerly; and, without hesitation, of course, I acknowledged the fact; when in the most earnest manner she entreated of me never again to have any connexion with that paper; and, as every wish of hers was to me law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required.

"Though well aware how easily a sneer may be raised at the simple details of this domestic scene, I have not ventured to put it on record, as affording an instance of the gentle and womanly watchfulness,—the Providence, as it may be called, of the little world of home,—by which, although placed almost in the very current of so headlong a movement, and living familiarly with some of the most daring of those who propelled it, I yet was guarded from any participation in their secret oaths, counsels, or plans, and thus escaped all share in that wild struggle to which so many far better men than myself fell victims.

"In the meanwhile, this great conspiracy was hastening on, with fearful precipitancy, to its outbreak; and vague and shapeless as are now known to have been the views, even of those who were engaged practically in the plot, it is not any wonder that to the young and uninitiated like myself it should have opened prospects partaking

far more of the wild dreams of poesy than of the plain and honest prose of real life. But a crisis was then fast approaching, when such self-delusions could no longer be indulged, and when the mystery which had hitherto hung over the plans of the conspirators was to be rent asunder by the stern hand of power.

"Of the horrors that foreran and followed the frightful explosion of the year 1798, I have neither inclination nor, luckily, occasion to speak. But among these introductory scenes which had somewhat prepared the public mind for such a catastrophe, there was one of a painful description, which, as having been myself an actor in it, I may be allowed briefly to notice.

"It was not many weeks, I think, before this crisis, that, owing to information gained by the college authorities of the rapid spread, among the students, not only of the principles but the organisation of the Irish Union, a solemn Visitation was held by Lord Clare, the vice-chancellor of the University, with the view of inquiring into the extent of this branch of the plot, and dealing summarily with those engaged in it.

"Imperious and harsh as then seemed the policy of thus setting up a sort of inquisitorial tribunal, armed with the power of examining witnesses on oath, and in a place devoted to the instruction of youth, I cannot but confess that the facts which came out in the course of the evidence went far towards justifying even this arbitrary proceeding; and to the many who, like myself, were acquainted only with the general views of the Union leaders, without even knowing, even from conjecture, who those leaders were, or what their plans or objects, it was most startling to hear the disclosures which

every succeeding witness brought forth. There were a few,—and among that number poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two * * * * * *s—whose total silence upon the whole scene, as well as the dead absence that, day after day, followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful proceedings inquired into by this tribunal.

"But there was one young friend of mine,*****, whose appearance among the suspected and examined as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. He and Emmet had long been intimate and attached friends;—their congenial fondness for mathematical studies having been, I think, a far more binding sympathy between them than any arising out of their political opinions. From his being called up, however, on this day, when, as it appeared afterwards, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there could be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the college authorities must have possessed some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In the course of his examination, some questions were put to him which he refused to answer,—most probably from their tendency to involve or inculpate others, and he was accordingly dismissed, with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects in life were blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was not merely expulsion from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

"The proceedings, indeed, of this whole day had been such as to send me to my home in the evening with no very agreeable feelings or pro-

spects. I had heard evidence given affecting even the lives of some of those friends whom I had long regarded with admiration as well as affection; and what was still worse than even their danger,—a danger ennobled, I thought, by the cause in which they suffered,—was the shameful spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them. Of these witnesses, the greater number had been themselves involved in the plot, and now came forward either as voluntary informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences of refusal to secure their own safety at the expense of companions and friends.

"I well remember the gloom, so unusual, that hung over our family circle on that evening, as talking together of the events of the day, we discussed the likelihood of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest advisers came, was that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their plans and hopes for me, yet, if the questions leading to criminate others, which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor**** alone had refused to answer, I must, in the same manner, and at all risks, return a similar refusal. I am not quite certain whether I received any intimation, on the following morning, that I was to be one of those examined in the course of the day; but I rather think some such notice had been conveyed to me;—and, at last, my awful turn came, and I stood in the presence of the formidable tribunal. There sat, with severe look, the vice-chancellor, and, by his side, the memorable Doctor Duigenan—memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics.

'The oath was proffered to me. 'I have an objection, my Lord,' said I, 'to taking this oath.' 'What is your objection?' he asked sternly. 'I have no fears, my Lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates.' This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. 'How old are you, sir?' he then asked. 'Between seventeen and eighteen, my Lord.' He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him, in an under tone of voice. 'We cannot,' he resumed, again addressing me, 'suffer anyone to remain in our University who refuses to take this oath.' 'I shall, then, my Lord,' I replied, 'take the oath—still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with *you*, sir,' he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath and seated myself in the witnesses' chair.

"The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, 'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?' 'No, my Lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms and ammunition?' 'Never, my Lord.' 'Did you ever hear a proposition made, in one of these societies, with respect to the expediency of assassination?' 'Oh no, my Lord.' He then turned again to Duigenan, and, after a

few words with him, said to me:—'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was your repugnance to taking the oath?' 'I have already told your Lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural.'

"I was now dismissed without any further questioning; and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me; not so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as on the manner in which I acquitted *myself*. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so different a result, I will not attempt any description;—it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish."

It will be observed that in the above statement Moore makes no reference to the proceedings against Emmet. Dr. Madden, however, in his life of Robert Emmet, published the following facts:—

"Robert Emmet, in the spring of 1798, was about twenty years of age; his brother, in the month of March of that year, had been arrested; many of his fellow students were members of the Society of United Irishmen, and several of his brothers, most intimate friends and associates, were then his companions in misfortune. Whether Robert was a sworn member of the Society I have not been able to ascertain, but that he had adopted its principles early in that year, and had been freely communicated with on subjects connected with its affairs, by persons implicated in the latter, there is no doubt. In the month of February, the Lord Chancellor's visitation at the college, which terminated in the expulsion of several

students charged with treasonable practices in the college took place. The particulars of this proceeding are detailed in the Memoir of William Corbet.

"When several of the students had been called before the chancellor, and examined upon oath, Robert Emmet, on being summoned, wrote a letter to the members of the board of fellows, denouncing the act of demanding, on oath, information from the students; tending to inculpate their fellow students, and requiring of them to disclose the names of such of their associates as were members of the Society of United Irishmen, and desiring to have his name taken off the books of the College. Before the letter was forwarded to the board, he showed it to his father, and it met with his father's entire approbation. This circumstance has not been referred to in any account that has been given of the transaction; it is now stated on the authority of Mr. P——, the friend of Robert Emmet, and previously an inmate of his father's house. The name of Robert Emmet, however, without any reference to this proceeding, appeared, I believe, in the list of expelled students."

SARAH CURRAN.

(From Dr. Madden's Lives of Irish Insurgents.)

"Poor Miss Curran, after the death of her lover, did not very long remain in her father's house. Her wretchedness found no alleviation there; and the very constraint imposed on her feelings was productive of additional misery. At length she quitted her father's house, 'her home no more,' and proceeded to Cork, accompanied by her sister. There she was received in the house of Mr.

Penrose, a Quaker; a gentleman, I believe, who found it necessary to leave Ireland in 1798. She was treated by the family of Mr. Penrose with the utmost kindness and most delicate attention. It was while she was on a visit with Mr. Penrose, that she became acquainted with Captain Sturgeon; and after some months, this poor girl, friendless, homeless, heart-widowed, dependent on the kindness of people almost strangers to her, endured the attentions of a person singularly refined, delicate and amiable in his disposition, moved less by her personal attractions than the sufferings of one so young, so good, so gentle, and yet so friendless and so forlorn; that gentleman made an offer to her of his hand and fortune.

"Sarah Curran was then beginning to manifest symptoms of decline. The sorrows that in silence and in the solitude of society, for such it was to her, had preyed upon her health, her appearance now betrayed in the unerring symptoms of that insidious disease which mocks the hopes of its victims, and of those around them, and mimics the hue of health, and the lustre of the bright eye of youth and loveliness.

"Major Sturgeon's proposal embraced the project of a residence in a southern climate. Any project that afforded an opportunity of leaving Ireland had a recommendation. Sarah Curran finally consented to become the wife of Major Sturgeon. Robert Emmet's memory was not forgotten; its claim on her heart was recognized and acknowledged by the friend and protector who had assumed a husband's title, to prove the generosity and benevolence of his nature, in his care and protection of one who was worthy of so much pity as well as admiration.

"In the 'Hibernian Magazine' of February, the marriage is announced in the following terms:— 'At Cork, Captain R. H. Sturgeon, of the Royal Staff Corps, and *nephew* of the late Marquis of Rockingham, to Miss Sarah Curran, daughter of J. P. Curran.'

"Immediately after her marriage, she accompanied her husband to Sicily, and there, in the prime of life, the amiable, the gentle, the broken-hearted Sarah Curran, closed her sad career in the course of a few months after her arrival. Her remains were conveyed to Ireland, and buried at Newmarket, the burial place of her father's family. Whether their interment there was by her own desire, or in the fulfilment of her supposed wishes on the part of Captain Sturgeon, I am unable to state; in either case, the removal to her own land was an act which cannot fail to be a matter of mournful gratification to her countrymen."

THE BROKEN HEART.

(From Washington Irving's Sketch Book.)

"It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartiness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are

sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

"Man is the creature of interest and ambition, His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

"To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or can plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and, taking as it were the wings of the morning, can 'fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be at rest.'

"But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and

if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned and left desolate.

"How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying upon its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low;—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

"She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and, as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

"I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to Heaven, and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

"Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hope-

less hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

"But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish Barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldy maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune; when disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

"But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful! so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

"To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so

shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She did not object to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and 'heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.'

"The person who told me her story had seen her at the masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow! After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air.

She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

"The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with a solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

"He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sank into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

"It was on her that Moore, the distingushed Irish poet, composed the following lines:—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

"She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

"He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

"Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
Where they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow."

R. H. FRASER, CABLE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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